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ἀληθεύον ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—*Speaking the truth in love.*

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Musical Monopoly.

THE "Associated Board" of the Royal Academy and College, a body which exists (ostensibly) to further "the cause" of musical education, is, it seems, afraid that musical education should progress too rapidly. This is not a little startling, but it is true. That the newly-founded Manchester College would, with a charter, exercise a degree of influence for good which it will be unable to exercise without one, seems undeniable. It seems undeniable also that if many students in the northern counties sat for the Manchester College examinations instead of those of the "Associated Board," the pockets of the arbitrarily chosen gentlemen—mostly the "failures" of the profession—who constitute the latter would suffer. And the "Associated Board," having to decide whether their pockets or the "cause" of which they prate and on which they batten should suffer, did not hesitate for a moment to proclaim their true character. They threw the "cause" to the winds, and, to use an Americanism, went after the dollars. Their opposition, and nothing but their opposition, is the reason of the surprising refusal of a charter to the Manchester College.

This, we say, is a little startling—at least, to the ordinary "outsider," and especially the provincial "outsider," who knows nothing of the intrigues and scandals of that filthy mud-pond, academic musical life in London. We recently exposed, with most gratifying results, the preposterous pretensions of one notorious institution. We do not propose to expose in similar fashion the "Associated Board." The time for that will, in all probability, come later. For the present we are content to show our readers that fees, eternal fees, are all the reason why the Board opposed the reasonable request of the Manchester College, why they intrigued against it, and why the Privy Council, a number of excellent gentlemen who may know many things, but certainly know nothing of music, decided that the "cause" of musical education would suffer if a proportion of the rising generation took their certificates from, and paid their fees to, another institution than the R.A.M. or R.C.M. We wish to show also that Manchester has its remedy. Its College has recently been opened under most auspicious conditions. The Principal, Sir Charles Hallé, is the best-known Principal in England—famous as a pianist, a conductor, and teacher. The staff are fully equal to the staff of the R.A.M. and R.C.M. The local magnates are prepared to do all things, yea, even to the signing of cheques within limits, that the new undertaking may prosper. We submit then that the Manchester certificates have a value far above those of the Associated Board. That being so, only the Manchester certificates, and certainly not those of the Associated Board, must be accepted in the district as proofs of ability. Adjudicators in organ competitions will always reckon the man

who has the Manchester certificate as a better man than he who has that of the Associated Board. Paterfamilias will reckon similarly in selecting a teacher for his children. Further, teachers will do the same when considering the question of having their pupils examined. By steady policy of this sort Manchester will very speedily make the honourable gentlemen of the "Associated Board" feel, through their pockets, that, even regarding the "cause" as they do, as a milch cow, honesty would have been the best policy.

There will be a fight, and Manchester will win; and the fact that Manchester will win, and that Manchester deserves to win, must serve to remind us that the Associated Board will lose, and that the Associated Board deserves to lose, not in fighting Manchester merely, but in fighting the cause which it exists to help. An Examination Board of this sort is sadly in need of being examined, and we invite our readers to keep their eyes upon it.

Au Courant.

A PRETTY little bit of romance is being told in the American musical journals about Lilian Nordica, who is admittedly a great favourite in the London operatic world. Less than a decade ago Nordica and her husband, a Mr. Frederick Gower, had an "internecine row," and Gower went up in a balloon to work off his temper. Shortly afterwards the remains of the balloon were found, but not the remains of its passenger. Then came the tug of war. The struggle over Gower's property had just ended, and Nordica was getting through her seven years' probation, when disquieting rumours arose about Gower's being seen alive.

ONE man saw him in the Wild West—saw him disguised partly by an Old Testament beard and mining boots. Another ran across him in Central Africa, where he was living in kingly splendour, with troops of prisoners drawn up for execution, with a drum corps of 300, and wives, obese wives, shining with grease; he only wants—oh, insatiable man!—were ice and a daily newspaper! Yet another saw him in India, the bosom friend of fakirs, a past grand master in the art of hypnotism. And, last of all, it is said he has recently been seen in London alive and kicking. After this, one would not have been astonished if Gower had appeared as "Lohengrin" at Bayreuth, when Nordica awaited as "Elsa" her long-dreamed-of knight. *Quelle surprise!* Still, it is to be hoped that Mr. Gower will persist in his self-immolation. Rumour says that Nordica is engaged to a certain Mr. Dôme, an amiable young man, whose delight it is to sing in a ferocious manner the wild tunes of Hungary, his beloved fatherland. Mr. Gower's return under these

circumstances would be painfully indiscreet. Gower, by the way, made most of his money in the electric business, being closely associated with Bell and his telephone schemes. It is a suspicious circumstance that when he went up in the balloon he drew from the bank all his ready cash.

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD has manufactured, with the aid of scissors and paste, a book on "The Savoy Opera and the Savoyards." There is much padding in the form of inconsequential chatter about "entertainers," but not a word about how Gilbert and Sullivan first met, or about many other points of interest in the careers of the coadjutors. Writing of *Trial by Jury*, the author says it was here that Mr. Gilbert first made use of a happy device which he afterwards largely developed. "His object was to avoid the conventional methods of using the chorus, nearly always a professional crowd, who came in at intervals and raised their voices. A more probable and natural method occurred to him. Assuming that the conspicuous personages must have some following connected with or dependent on them, he contrived to emphasize these attendants in a picturesque way. They had the air not of a 'crowd,' but of a large number of friends. How rude it was of Scribe in *Les Huguenots* to anticipate Mr. Gilbert's little game! Mr. Fitzgerald's book is chiefly valuable for its catalogue of original casts, and I am not sure that these are absolutely correct.

THE next comic opera which will be produced at the Savoy Theatre will be called *La Contrabandista*, and it will be the joint work of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. F. C. Burnand. The actual date of the production has not been fixed, but it will probably occur about the end of October. The new work is said to be based on a piece of the same name in which Sir Arthur and the genial editor of *Punch* collaborated many years ago. But much fresh music will be supplied, and, in addition, the plot will be improved and the dialogue worked up. Mr. W. S. Gilbert's secession from the Savoy is now understood to be permanent.

RUMOURS of a visit intended to be paid to America by Rubinstein have been persistent of late, and it has even been suggested that he might play in London on his way across. The news was certainly too good to be true, and now the grand old pianist writes to say definitely that nothing will induce him to undertake the journey, as he intends finishing his life in quiet at Peterhof. In thus withdrawing from the active musical world, Rubinstein is said to have remarked to a pupil that he did not want to be like a foolish coquette who never knows when the world is sick and tired of the sight of her. Well, the lion evidently feels very tired and somewhat disgusted just now. It may be doubted very much, however, that he has really

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gone to sleep already, and that this will be the final growl.

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By the way, Rubinstein is gentle and kindly as to the personality of students, and rigorous and severe as to perfection. He never stops at telling how a thing should be done: he must have it done. In teaching a *berceuse*, for example, he would himself rock a chair, humming the air to make the idea realistic. He would also caricature the wrong way in the most grotesque and ridiculous fashion, setting himself and his pupil into a roar. "Imagine a baby going to sleep with this," he would say, imitating the stiffness of the player. Again, he would seize a book in his arms and dance around the room in the mechanical wooden fashion that he found fault with in the waltz played, following it with the soft rhythmic undulations belonging to the composition. Rubinstein says he loves *Falstaff*, but fears it is not for the public. In this—so far, at least, as the Parisians are concerned—he seems to be wrong.

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SIR JOHN STAINER does not seem to be particularly enamoured of the ordinary church-goer who persists in joining "audibly" in the musical services. He thinks the ordinary church-goer should allow his praise to go by proxy, and content himself with the rôle of listener. This is a comforting theory which the church musician would no doubt be glad to see in practice; but unfortunately there is a growing tendency to consider it impossible for people to worship God unless they are themselves making a noise. Not only so, but the notion is obtaining the support of the clergy to an alarming extent. A proposition has actually been made to introduce "popular hymns" into the Communion service; and a Bishop has even declared that "we must occasionally allow the choir to have an anthem, or otherwise it will be impossible to keep them together." That is rather a low view of the anthem—a "sop" thrown to the choir—but the good Bishop is no doubt of opinion that the only object of the anthem is the glorification of those who "make" our Sunday music.

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THE story of a remarkable bet comes to us from a foreign journal. Signor Gravagni, a Milanese pianist, made a bet that he would play for twenty-five consecutive hours, with only an interval of half an hour for refreshment, and he won triumphantly, for he went straight on without even taking the stipulated period of rest. Starting at eleven at night, he kept on until midnight on the following day, playing works by Wagner, comic opera, ballet music, and grand opera. From time to time he was fed by a friend, who poured down his throat coffee, tea, and Marsala wine with beaten-up eggs. A jury of eight musicians took it in turns to watch the performance. So far from being exhausted at the end of these extraordinary proceedings, Signor Cravagni offered to make a further bet of £40 that he would keep on for another six hours, but there were no takers. I should think not!

* * *

THE *Daily News* has found out what everybody knew long ago, that novelists are not always strong in musical knowledge. Only a short time ago, in a shilling shocker, the last century hero declared *Elijah* to be his favourite oratorio! Ouida, in *Signa*, on which Mr. Cowen's opera is based, blunders still more amusingly. Bruno smashes Signa's cherished violin, and Signa sits up all night to mend the instrument. "It was quite useless. The wooden shell he could piece together well

enough, but the keys were smashed beyond all hope of restoration, and for the broken silvery strings there was no hope." To discover the "keys" of a fiddle there is indeed no hope. Signa, however, was a wonderful boy, for he played the Saltarello, and the "Misero Pargoletto" of Leo, before he had a solitary lesson; and he also wrote down on paper music which one of his playmates declared—perhaps not inaccurately—to be "impossible."

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THE Council of the Guildhall School of Music have raised the salary of Sir Joseph Barnby, the Principal, to £1,000 a year. This will do something to make up for the loss of Eton, which brought some £500 more, with a residence. Unfortunately one learns at the same time that the Music Committee has directed the fees for tuition to be raised.

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THERE has just been published in Berlin a little pamphlet, in which we are told some terrible things about the Teutonic concert-agent. That functionary, according to the author, not only monopolises the art—that is, he not only dictates to the artist where and what he or she shall play, and what instrument shall be used, but his influence with the press, often the result of personal dislike to the musician, leads in many cases to criticism utterly ruinous to the young artist's career. In Berlin things seem to be specially bad. At the Philharmonic it might be thought that artists would be free to choose their instruments; but it seems not. Quite recently Moritz Rosenthal gave a concert there on a Bluthner piano, and was, as if by common consent, severely attacked; while it is declared that when Madame Sophie Menter dared to approach with a Steinway, the agent absolutely refused her admittance! If all this be true, it is high time that the decree of last year, placing the theatrical agents under supervision, should be extended to the concert-agent.

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THIS is how Dr. "Westminster" Bridge describes a village choir in Suffolk, which he once had in hand. It consisted, says he, of a few boys who scared rooks; a blacksmith, whose tenor voice was as metallic in sound as his anvil; a boy alto, who had in his youth, it was said, swallowed a whistle, which apparently had lodged in his larynx, and helped to produce sounds of a most unearthly character; and a miller, who had five low notes, and only five, which had always to fit into the chant or hymn being sung, and which made a sort of rumbling accompaniment, not unlike the sound of his own millstones. Dr. and Mrs. Bridge, by the way, are both enthusiastic anglers, and both have been enjoying a month's sport in Ross-shire. There is a story told of the doctor that on one occasion he and Mrs. Bridge had a bet on as to which would hook the heavier salmon. The doctor provided himself with a nice little nugget of lead against the event, and when he caught what he thought must be his best fish, he promptly popped the lead down its gullet. The game was, however, spoiled by Dr. Bridge's little boy telling his mamma of the dodge!

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BÜLOW is said to have been very grateful to Wagner for eloping with his—Bülow's—wife. The erring lady had a changeable disposition, as became the daughter of Liszt, and after she had taken herself off with quite unnecessary secrecy, the deserted husband declared himself dead in the matter, and called her his "poor widow." Yet there are dull mercantile people who say that genius and common

sense cannot co-exist. Who has ever heard a city man speak of his own relict with a beaming eye? He scowls and howls merely because he became insufferable to the woman who went away. The real Madame Bülow is now residing at Dresden, where she is busying herself with her husband's correspondence.

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THE sight of a conductor beating the air with a stick at which nobody, as a rule, looks, would strike the intelligent savage as being at least peculiar. The music would probably lose nothing in effect if the conductor, at any rate, were placed out of view of the audience, and there might be some gain in other respects. Among the advantages of the invisible orchestra at Bayreuth, for example, is this, that players and conductors can discard not only the swallow-tail coat, but any coat at all. Signor Pirani, the young Italian composer, who has been acting as special correspondent at the Wagner Festival for a Milan newspaper, ends one of his letters as follows: "I shall finish by an indiscretion which will especially interest operatic conductors. When it is hot—and during the Festival days at Bayreuth it is always hot—the famous conductor, Herr Motil, conducts in his shirt-sleeves, and sometimes," he wickedly adds, "even in less." At any rate, the underground orchestra, concealed from the spectators, renders unnecessary the heavy clothing still *de rigueur* at the London opera houses.

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SOME years ago the Marquis of Lorne was daring enough to try his hand on a new metrical version of the Psalms. The object was to improve upon the bathos of the Scottish Psalter, and in this aim the Marquis could hardly fail to be successful. Now it is said that he has written the libretto of an opera to be set to music by Mr. Hamish MacCunn; and the report is circumstantial enough to tell us that the first performance will be at Windsor. The subject of Lorne's story is described as well-known to lovers of Irish and Scottish folk-lore, and the opera is said to be full of genuinely dramatic episodes. We shall see.

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THE thrush, according to some of the naturalists, is the sweetest singer of the grove. Mr. Percy Betts, the musical critic of the *Daily News* and the *Figaro*, thinks differently, and so he has just paid £3 for one of these songsters only to wring its neck or give it away to some unmusical critic who can take the thrush with as much equanimity as he can take a shoal of prodigy pianists. It appears that Mr. Betts lives in Temple Chambers; opposite is a hotel, the manager of which owned a thrush which was the delight of the neighbouring printing-offices and of passers-by. Mr. Betts, with an ear vitiated no doubt by a long course of operatic nightingales and piano-pounders, found no delight in the limpid notes of the hotel-keeper's thrush. "I am sorry," he wrote, "to complain of a screeching and whistling bird outside your windows. . . It is impossible to do one's literary work while this excruciating noise is going on. . . This thing is a serious nuisance," etc. The songster, however, was not removed, and finally the critic offered the owner his own price, which was placed at £3, the highest on record. And the groves of Bouverie Street are now silent and songless.

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THAT is not a bad story told of Brahms by Mr. Henschel. The distinguished composer was discussing with a theatrical manager the advisability of producing an operetta composed by a certain German prince. Henschel, then a

youth, was present, and remarked, "If it is no better than the symphony the prince composed, I think you should have nothing to do with it." Upon which Brahms held up his hands deprecatingly, and in mock-serious tones remarked: "You should be very careful what you say about a prince's compositions; you never know who writes them."

In this connection a great deal of gossip is going the rounds about the German Emperor having turned composer. It is the best thing he could have done; he needed nothing so much as "composing." The Emperor's "Song to Aegir" is to be published in October. The title-page will bear that the words and music are "by William II., Emperor of Germany, King of Prussia, etc.," which is probably the first time in history that a royal personage has come forward as composer-poet over his own signature.

NEVERTHELESS, the world has seen no lack of royal musicians in its time. Frederick the Great would have been a great composer if he had not preferred to be a great king; and the German Emperor, in turning composer, is only imitating his grandfather, the late William I., who once assumed the duties of an orchestral conductor. He had gone to Coblenz one day to meet the Empress Augusta, and was serenaded by the band of a regiment. The Emperor thanked the orchestra leader, but said to him that the movement of a certain ballet had been played in too quick a time. The same piece was, by his order, to be executed during the evening banquet. William I. rose from the table a few moments before it was to be played, and suddenly took the place of the conductor. Seizing the bâton, he gave the signal to begin to play, saying to the musicians: "Well, gentlemen, very slow, please;" and as the music went on, often repeating, "Still slower!" When the piece was ended, he said: "It is superb, in this way," thanked the musicians, and graciously returned to his seat at the table.

DR. GARRETT, the organist of Cambridge University, is to have a testimonial, and he deserves it. It is fifty years since he entered the choir of New College, Oxford, and he has been organist at Cambridge since 1873. For fourteen years he has been University Lecturer in harmony and counterpoint, and he has done good service as a member of the Board of Musical Studies of Cambridge University. Besides all this, he has done much for the cause of English music, and many of his compositions are widely appreciated. Another testimonial now on the cards is one to Dr. Joseph Parry, the well-known Welsh musician.

MISS JANOTHA writes me: "I am surprised to see in your paper of the month of August the same erroneous news and remarks about the Princess M. Czartoriski. Please do contradict. Prince Radziwill, father of Prince Marceline, was only related to Prince Anton Radziwill, the friend of youthful Chopin; but neither Prince Anton ever helped Chopin in providing for his education. It is an entire mistake. Princess Marceline studied for over eight years with Czerny in Vienna, and took lessons from Chopin when visiting Paris after her marriage to Prince Czartoriski, being then very young; and her artistic studies as to perfect mechanism, classical style and national gift for music were then of the highest degree. She studied several times with Chopin, who found her interpretation

of several of his works ideal. She assisted at his last days of suffering, but not at the moment of death, and did not play piano at that moment which all of us still mourn. Will you please contradict those mistakes, which I already read in the *Pall Mall*, and entrusted to Mr. Sutherland Edwards the correction of those news which must hurt those who knew the Princess, and through her artistic apostleship the sensitive genius of Chopin." I suppose I ought to cry "Peccavi." But really I am not "up" in the genealogy of all these little princes and princesses, and the paragraph to which Miss Janotha takes exception was based on reports in the Paris papers.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON, the poet, has written some new verses to the National Anthem. The task of getting the public to sing new words to the old air is as hopeless as it would be to try a new version of "Auld Lang Syne" on a Scotchman. But even supposing that the public were inclined to have new words, they could hardly be expected to shout themselves hoarse over—

Too long the gulf betwixt
This man and that man fixt
Yawns yet unspanned.
Too long that some may rest
Tired millions toil unblest.
God lift our lowliest,
God save our land.

This is almost as distressing as Mr. Bennett's Jubilee addition to the anthem, which some one said at the time was sufficiently meaningless to be admirable for its purpose.

It is stated on good authority that Jean de Reszké is this year paid at the Opera at the rate of £200 per night, and if the figures be correct the fee is probably the highest ever received by an operatic tenor during a London season. For his farewells at Covent Garden, Mario had only about £150 a night. Exactly twenty years ago when he made his debut at Drury Lane, M. de Reszké's salary could hardly have exceeded £10 per week.

MR. GRANT ALLEN declares that nothing is sacred to a certain section of the British public, save the preaching in little Bethel and the singing of hymns round the untuned piano on Sunday. To a certain critic in the *Musical Courier*, even this latter is not sacred. He would have all songs of the "Jesu, Lover of my soul" type banished from the churches. "They are a disgrace to religion, and a mockery of music." For some occult reason the vile hymn tunes in use in nearly all the Churches of the Protestant denomination have become things sanctified and above criticism." This is rich, especially as coming from a land that gave us the abomination of desolation which lies within the covers of the Sankey Hymnal. But I quite agree with the critic that the singing of hymns should be stopped in hotels. It is not quite in the programme of the summer visitor to make for the nearest water to commit suicide.

TELEGRAPHIC blunders are numerous enough in all conscience, but it would be difficult to find a more amusing error than that which fell to the experience of a Scottish organist recently. The gentleman had written to Novello for *Widor's Organ Symphonies*. The music did not arrive when expected, and a reply-paid telegram was sent asking an explanation. The brown envelope duly came to hand, and on opening it the message was found; "*Widow* ordered from abroad; will be forwarded on

arrival." Needless to say that widow is still on the way!

ACCORDING to my contemporary, *l'Etude*, it is rather an ordeal to take a lesson in composition from Dvorák. He is terribly exacting, and the embryo composer who submits his MS. to him, generally gets it back with so many "ruthless slashes" that there is very little left. He has a big class at the National Conservatoire, and in teaching it he is brusque and sarcastic. "What are you doing?" he demands to know of a pupil who is chalking something on the board. "I thought—" stammers the pupil. "No! that is just it. You did not think. Had you been thinking, you would not write such nonsense." And in this way the work of the class proceeds.

DVORAK seems to have curious notions about musical inspiration. If you manage to write a really fine bit of music, you must know the reason for its being fine. "If it is only by accident that you write well at one time, you will be just as likely to write badly ten times." There is room for speculation about this dictum. It may perhaps explain why so many musicians who have given us good things have also given us absolutely bad things. With the people who write down the first idea that comes into their heads, and accompany it with the harmonies that happen to suggest themselves at the moment, the Bohemian composer has no patience. "There would not be so much written if people thought more." Alas! no. But the mischief is that composers seldom think.

WHILE the announcement of Alboni's death is fresh in the minds of readers, some of the Parisian gossip about the great singer may be garnered. Alboni was the interpreter *par excellence* of Rossini, but her phenomenal stoutness led to complaints about a want of animation and expression. Mérimée once said, "She sings admirably, with the expression of a clarinet," and somebody once referred to her as an elephant who had swallowed a nightingale! Her entrance as Arsace in *Semiramide* was generally the signal for suppressed laughter. He advanced slowly, this young warrior with the enormous paunch, with a huge helmet on his head. He would take off the helmet in a grave manner, and hand it to a figurant, who saluted him deferentially, and then he attacked his grand recitative. Although amiable, and of a happy disposition, Alboni could indulge in stinging repartee. At one of Rossini's soirées she was introduced to a young woman who was inclined to be corpulent, and also had great pretensions to being a singer. The latter listened with avidity to the polite compliments of Alboni. "Eh! mademoiselle, you will equal me soon." "Well, I hope so," said the young woman with aplomb. "God preserve you from it," replied Alboni tranquilly; it is very annoying; I know something about it, and warn you to take care of yourself." The young woman never sang before Alboni afterward. The deceased vocalist, it may just be added, has left some very handsome legacies to the Paris poor. Among her bequests are a fund to provide forty savings bank books of £10 each every year to poor and deserving girls and boys, without distinction of religion or nationality; also £4,000 to found beds in Paris hospitals for Italian patients. The principal of an annuity of £1,500 a year is to revert after death of the recipient to the city of Paris.

Angela Van Brugh,


VIOLINIST.

MISS ANGELA VAN BRUGH, the violinist, is one of three gifted sisters, all public favourites; Miss Viola, well known at the Lyceum as Anne Boleyn with Mr. Irving's company; Miss Trene, who for some time charmed London in *Walker, London*, at Mr. Toole's, and lately in Mr. Henry Jones' drama the *Masqueraders*. Miss Angela Van Brugh's career, though at present a brief, has been a brilliant one. After studying four and a half years in Paris, under M. Massart, she went to Berlin, where she worked with M. Sauret. She gave her first concert in London in 1892, and since then has been in demand on tour with the first artists. She travelled with Madame Patti, Ella Russell, Alice Gomez, Signor Foli, at different times. Last February she played at Edinburgh, and the enthusiastic students unharnessed the horses and dragged Miss Russell's and Miss Van Brugh's carriage in triumph through the streets to their hotel. Miss Angela is a great favourite in society, possessing, like her sisters, so many charming gifts and admirable personal qualities. She has played at many of the best houses in London, and was heard this year at Rev. H. R. Haweis' last musical and dramatic at-home at Queen's House, Chelsea. Miss Van Angela's style is sympathetic and earnest, and she has been making rapid strides both in tone and technique, and will certainly take a high rank amongst London violin stars in an age of somewhat fierce competition.

Miss Minna Kellogg.

MISS MINNA KELOGG comes to us from America. She occupied the position of solo contralto in a popular New York church until she went to Paris to complete her studies under Madame Leonard and Madame de la Guerriere de Miramont. She was introduced this season to the London world by Lady Jeune, and has been heard at Queen's House (Rev. H. R. Haweis') and a few others, but arrived too late to obtain many of the public or private season engagements. Miss Minna Kellogg possesses a powerful and sympathetic contralto, and excels in oratorio-singing. She should certainly be heard at our cathedral festivals.

Two New Duettists.

MISS FLORENCE SALTER and her sister Bertha are also new-comers. They are admirable as duettists and equally effective as soloists. They are natives of Devonshire. Devonshire and Cornwall, by the way, seem to send us a good many fine voices; the climatic conditions may have to do with this. Fanny Moody is a Cornwall girl. The sisters Salter studied singing at Brussels for four years under Madame Moriani de Corvaia. They can sing in six languages. Both have voices of extraordinary compass, Miss Florence Salter being able with ease to sing the  above the line and Miss Bertha's contralto having three octaves. The Misses Salter have appeared this season only at private assemblies, being introduced by Lady Audrey Buller, Lady Northcote, Susan Countess

of Malmesbury, and the Rev. H. R. and Mrs. Haweis at Queen's House. They were also cordially received by the Belgian Royal Family. They have been so successful that they intend to make their public *début* in London in the autumn.

How to run a Choral Society.

THE mortality of young choral societies is fearful, the rate being, on a moderate computation, not less than 900 per 1000.

In fact, that 100 out of every 1000 choral societies started reaches the age of three years seems almost an over-estimate. For this there are several reasons. In the first place, there are, reckoning the small number of people who sing, too many societies. Secondly, those who sing are not commonly aware that choral singing is a luxury which must be paid for, not by those who listen, but by those who sing; and, in consequence of this mistake, subscriptions are usually too small, or expenses allowed to become too great, and the society becomes insolvent, because the ordinary man and woman do not see the force of paying to support what they frequently regard as a nuisance. Then, third, there are bad conductors, jealousies amongst private members, and bad secretaries. But the principal cause of the large death-rate undoubtedly is the tendency in England to go after mere size—to take in scores of people who cannot sing, who do not greatly care for singing, but who, for some occult reason not as yet investigated by our scientific men, persist in joining choral societies, and ruining them. It is easy, of course, to say that bad conductors and bad secretaries should not be appointed, that jealous members should be expelled, that there should be a singing test; but it is not so easy to carry out such good advice. Instead, therefore, of giving it, let me describe, not an ideal, but a reasonably good choral society, from its genesis to maturity, leaving you, gentle reader, to imagine its decadence, death, and sepulture.

DIMENSIONS.

To suggest that a choral society should exist solely for the enjoyment of the members would be as ridiculous as to say that a dramatic society should be content with rehearsals. The dramatic society will persist in breaking itself upon the wheel of a public performance; the choral society cannot be dissuaded from giving concerts. I take for granted, therefore, that my choral society will give concerts, but I take for granted also that they will be on a moderate scale. To fill a room seating two hundred persons is as much as the average society can hope to do. If it afterwards becomes a "star" society, it may achieve greater things; but then it is improbable, you see, that it will become a "star"; and anyhow to become a "star" means contentment with small things until a reputation is made. I assume, then, that concerts will be given in a hall seating two hundred people. Now, contrary to very general public opinion, the truth is that a chorus of thirty is ample for such a hall; and that thirty should be composed of ten sopranos, eight altos, ten tenors, and twelve basses. A chorus of thirty is within the means of the most musically destitute town; in a smaller hall it can get all the effects usually attained by choruses varying from 200 to 500 singers; and the tone, attack, and expression will be infinitely better.

HOW TO START.

It were blasphemy to suggest that a choral society may exist without a committee. The committee usually consists of about a dozen ladies and gentlemen, who—and chiefly the ladies—are generally chosen because they have no voices, and would be troublesome unless they held office of some sort. A long experience has made me sceptical of the value of such committees. Once started, a society prospers better and goes further under a system of constitutional monarchy, with the conductor as monarch, than under the democratic representative government of a committee. Nevertheless, a committee seems to me an unavoidable evil; and I am even prepared to admit that, with good-hearted, enthusiastic people, some good may come out of the evil. Anyhow, in nineteen cases out of twenty a committee will be necessary.

The best way of forming one, and at the same time the choral society, is simply to get three or four friends, who are known to be musical and "practicable," to form themselves into a provisional committee. This committee will pass resolutions, such as, for instance, that a choral society is a pressing public need, that one be commenced at once, that Mr. So-and-so be elected president, and so forth. With this provisional committee the future, or no future, of the society rests. In the first place, they must choose a president. My advice is, don't have a figure-head. I might modify it if they could secure the Prince of Wales, the Tzar of Russia, or the Emperor of Japan; but failing these, be content with netting an enthusiastic music-loving man or woman who will put his or her shoulder to the wheel, and make things move. As for vice-presidents, don't have any; in fact, if you cannot get a good president, don't have any of him either. None at all is much better than a bad or useless one. Then comes the question of membership. I have already assumed that thirty is to be the limit; and I now assume that the miniature provisional committee will each know three or four people with really good voices. These must be secured. That will leave room for, say, sixteen new members. The best way of securing these is to handbill the neighbourhood, and especially church and chapel choirs, with the announcement of the formation of the society. Probably from fifty to one hundred will apply. They must be tested by a provisional conductor or secretary, reported on, and enough taken in to make a start. At the same time, I may say that in some cases it may prove advantageous to build up the constitution of the society at a meeting of the few people who are personally introduced.

CONSTITUTION.

Before, then, or after completing the membership, a meeting will be held to choose a conductor, secretary, treasurer, and committee, to decide on rules, and especially those limiting the power of the committee—a very important point.

Now, it really does not matter whether the conductorship is honorary or a paid office. Only, remember that an honorary conductor is apt to become autocratic, and, in the majority of cases, is certain to be incompetent; while a paid man must not be saddled with responsibility, and, on the other hand, must understand he is to carry out the wishes of the society. At the same time, as the conductor probably knows more about music than any one else in the society, he should be on the committee, *ex officio*, but not allowed to over-ride the other members completely.

As for rules, have as few as possible, for a





Angela Van der Vliet



Miss Emma Kellogg

superfluity are either, as the word implies, a necessity, or a nuisance. Some, however, are indispensable. Here they are:—

(1) Candidates must be proposed and seconded by members, and elected by vote of the whole society, after examination by the conductor.

(2) The conductor must be elected by vote of the whole society, the committee having power neither to dismiss the conductor nor to accept his resignation without a vote of the society.

(3) The committee must select the works to be performed, the artists to sing the solo parts, the dates and places of the concerts, and do all the routine business.

I do not mean these are the actual rules, but they should deal with these matters and in this direction. The matter of subscriptions should be settled at the first general meeting, and not afterwards altered except at the annual meeting of the whole society. Some other rules, especially those of the definitive sort, may be needed; but you cannot have a better rule than that of having as few as possible.

THE CONDUCTOR.

I have already made some suggestions with regard to the election of the conductor: let me now make some with regard to the gentleman himself. I am of opinion that a "professional" man is the safe man; but try to avoid the musician who is no musician, who regards music as his trade, who will work with enthusiasm at nothing which does not advertise him or benefit his public position. Look around until you secure a man who is a genuine musician, knows something of singing and choir-training, will not grudge every hour spent at rehearsal, and is not perpetually posing as an excessively busy man who is doing you a great favour in condescending to conduct for you at all. If you find such a conductor, keep him, for he is a rare bird.

THE SECRETARY.

With a bad conductor a society will not prosper; with a bad secretary ruin is swift and certain. A good secretary is every whit as difficult to find as a good conductor. He must be a methodical business man; he must have leisure; he must have the wish to utilize that leisure in building up a successful choral society. The secretary is much more than the man who keeps the minute-book and looks after the printing. He acts also as whip on extra rehearsal nights; when little misunderstandings arise, he acts as general peacemaker; at the concerts he must prove himself a capable organizer or the reverse. Here, again, my advice is: look carefully round until you find a good secretary, and when you find him, keep him—if you can.

THE MUSIC.

A society of the proportions I have named may perform any of the masterpieces not requiring double or six-part chorus. That means that nearly the whole of Handel's oratorios—including many that are never or rarely performed—are available. Bach's cantatas, Mozart's, Beethoven's, Schubert's, and Weber's masses—nay, I could cover pages with a bare catalogue of the gigantic and beautiful works that may be rendered by a society of thirty competent singers. That being the case, there is no need to draw upon the Festival pot-boilers. Mackenzie-cum-Bennett, Cowen-cum-Weatherly, Sullivan's twaddle and Parry's barren learning, may all be left severely alone. Not that I would recommend a rigid adherence to "classical" works. But every society should be careful not to become a mere unpaid backer of the log-rolling fraternity. When you see Mr. Joseph Bennett glorifying the latest mas-

terwork of which he has manufactured the libretto, then be careful not to help Mr. Bennett's unholy labours by "booming" that work. Look keenly for the good, and produce it, whether Mr. Bennett recommends or (as is most likely) condemns it.

Most societies are sadly hampered in the choice of music by the lack of funds. There is no need for restriction on that account. If you begin to buy copies of the Festival (so-called) novelties, you will of course very soon land in the insolvent court. Don't do any such thing. Hire your music. I may here give an instructive experience of my own. A choral society with which I was connected was in the habit of buying its music, and the bill for two concerts came to nearly £20. For that we had a large number of copies of works we should in all probability never use again, and which had a second-hand value of less than £5. Completely ignorant of such matters, I idly suggested that we might hire our music. Awestruck at the depths of knowledge thus displayed, the committee asked whether I would kindly make arrangements to hire the required number of copies of the work for our next concert. Now, all I knew of the matter was that Goodwin & Tabb lent music on hire; so to them I hied. Suffice it to say that our next music-bill was about one-sixth of the last, and that I have gained in certain circles an undying reputation I never at any period of my life deserved. Since then I have dealt with Messrs. Goodwin & Tabb almost continuously for nearly ten years, and recommend all other conductors to do likewise. Some day I hope to give an account of the unique music-library of the firm. Meantime I may say that every choral and orchestral work of note, and many that are not of note, may be found there; that even those strange people who like Festival novelties will find them on Messrs. Goodwin & Tabb's shelves; that the firm are uniformly anxious to oblige, and treat their customers in a way suggestive rather of friendship than of business. To this I may add that I have always found the charges low beyond expectation, that I know Messrs. Goodwin & Tabb only through hiring music from them, and that I have taken this opportunity of recommending them because they have never asked me to write a line about them.

REHEARSALS.

It is somewhat curious that a society which exists to sing should as a rule care so little for singing unless people who don't sing are present. I have mentioned that societies cannot be dissuaded from giving concerts. That is not so bad. The worst of it is that societies cannot be dissuaded from regarding concerts as the end, and the rehearsals as the means, tedious, though necessary, but to be shirked whenever possible. Now I submit that the first and whole duty of a choral society is to sing well. That being so, the rehearsals are of the last importance. Indeed, it is only by constant rehearsal that correct intonation and time may be secured, while the higher qualities of expression—perfect phrasing, tone-gradation, and tone-quality, will be attained only by frequent singing for the pleasure of the thing. The duty of constant rehearsal is a filter by which the useless will be separated from the useful members. The former will become tired, do a deal of shirking, and should finally be expelled from the society in disgrace; the latter will remain and look forward to each meeting as an evening of enjoyment.

As a rule, it is difficult to get in more than one rehearsal per week; but when the time for a concert draws near, efforts should be made to get in a few extra ones. It is unwise to attempt too much on one evening. Members should

never go away fagged out and disgusted. If all the associations of rehearsal night are pleasant and happy, it will be comparatively easy to snatch an extra night now and then, and on that night more good work will be done than in the few minutes gained by repeated overwork.

CONCLUSION.

It is unnecessary to say anything about the concerts. A good secretary, a good conductor, and a wise committee, will know all I can tell them, and a bad secretary and conductor, and an idiotic committee, will not profit. Wherefore I will conclude in conventional style by expressing a fervent wish that my brief and hasty sketch will be found useful by some one.

An Examination Paper:

A Suggestion to the Registration Committee.

I.—THEORY.

- (1) In what year was the rising young composer, I. Pagliacci, born?
- (2) Was he educated at Trinity College, Limited? If not, why not?
- (3) State briefly the difference between a Brahms' composition, in common time, and a Strauss-Tausig waltz.
- (4) What is the name of the member of the M—N— staff who writes the anonymous letter about institutions other than Trinity College, Limited, and the Royal College of Organists (late College of Organists, Limited)?
- (5) What is he paid per week for such work?
- (6) Has the paper mentioned in Question 4 no proof-reader? If it has one, why is it usually so full of misprints?
- (7) Seeing that the Royal College of Organists (late College of Organists, Limited) makes no profits, state whence it derives (a) the sum of £313,000, paid last year to M—N—; (b) the amount of £3,180, invested at 4 per cent. interest?
- (8) Explain how M—N— preserves its independence while receiving this annual subsidy of upwards of £300.
- (9) Explain the difference between Trinity College, Limited, and an institution run for profit.
- (10) If Trinity College, Limited, makes no profit, where does the Dr. Turpin's salary come from?

II.—PRACTICAL.

- (1) Play a five-finger exercise.
- (2) Name the lines and spaces in the treble stave.
- (3) That will do.
- (4) Be a good boy (or girl).

N.B.—It will be observed that the theoretical part of the examination is more important than the practical part. Indeed, we pass any one who answers Questions 8 and 9 satisfactorily.

PROF. C. MÜLLER, who has been active at Frankfort-on-the-Main for about a generation as music director, died at that place on the 19th August, at the age of seventy-six. He was the author of a few compositions only, but did much good service by his practical activity as conductor, more especially as regards the compositions of Bach and the symphonies of Mendelssohn and Schumann.

Poverty and Musical Genius.

MR. GRANT ALLEN delights in standing on his head and viewing the world upside down. And he gets very interesting effects that way. According to the indispensable *Pall Mall*, he has lately been advising capitalists to put their money into brains instead of into banks and beer. Genius in his opinion—and we cordially agree, having to slave away here at the bidding of an untoward fate—genius, we say, should never be called upon to earn a living. Wherefore the capitalist should seek out a young man of genius, fresh and untried. Having caught the genius, he will give him a blank cheque and tell him to go and let his inspiration run riot. Then the young man will select a nice soft place where he may have quiet enough to hear himself think. And presently he will get up, and—if he is a musician—will give us a new symphony, or a new oratorio, or a brand-new *opera seria*. And the world will cast its caps and crowns before him, and immortality will have been gained by a concession to the butcher and the baker.

It is a splendid idea. Think how comforting it would be, O budding composer, to feel a syndicate of capitalists behind you! You could lie on your back and pour out your musical ideas while all the time the millionaire was pouring out his dollars against your dinners. The music publisher might drink his champagne out of other composers' skulls and drive all the bargains to his own advantage; but no sordid details should ever disturb your peace of mind while you sipped your nectar, saying to one, "Do this, and he doeth it," and to another "Come, and he cometh." It is a pretty dream, you say. Alas! we fear it is. We cannot help suspecting that the capitalists will be less in favour of the scheme than yourself and the other geniuses. How, these men of money will ask, how are we to identify the geniuses? For a genius is very much like an orchid: you cannot tell until it has sprouted whether it is worth fifty pence or fifty pounds. And when it has sprouted and proved its value, it can command its own price. Perhaps, however, as there are capitalists who speculate in orchids, there may be some who do a flutter in musical geniuses. Perhaps!

It does not matter much. The musical genius, like every other genius, will succeed in making himself known even under the most adverse circumstances. It is true that, like the Cremona violin-makers, he may not succeed in making a living until he is dead. But that is a detail. A hero, says Kossuth, is one who overcomes difficulties. So is a man of genius. If you have the celestial fire in you, you are bound sooner or later to make it blaze, no matter how poor you are. Carlyle once said to the Edinburgh students, "If a man gets meat and clothes, what matters it whether he have £10,000 or £70 a year? He can get meat and clothes for that; and he will find very little difference intrinsically if he is a wise man." Jean Paul again declared that poverty was actually welcome so long as it did not come "at quite too late a time." Wealth, he continued, bears heavier on talent than poverty: under gold mountains and thrones, who knows how many a spiritual giant may lie crushed and buried! And Jean Paul was right.

Quite recently the Bohemian composer, Antonin Dvorak, has spoken out of his own experience on this subject. He regards poverty

as a distinct spur to musical genius. "It is to the poor," he says, "that I turn for musical greatness. The poor work hard; they study seriously. Rich people are apt to apply themselves lightly to music, and to abandon the painful toil to which every strong musician must submit without complaint and without rest. Poverty is no barrier to one endowed by nature with musical talent. It is a spur. It keeps the mind loyal to the end. It stimulates the student to great efforts. If in my own career," continues Dvorak, "I have achieved a measure of success and reward, it is to some extent due to the fact that I was the son of poor parents, and was reared in an atmosphere of struggle and endeavour. Broadly speaking, the Bohemians are a nation of peasants. My first musical education I got from my schoolmaster, a man of good ability and much earnestness. He taught me to play the violin. Afterwards I travelled with him, and we made our living together. Then I spent two years at the Organ School in Prague. From that time on I had to study for myself. It is impossible for me to speak without emotion of the straits and sorrows that came upon me in the long and bitter years that followed. Looking back at that time, I can hardly understand how I endured the privations and labour of my youth." This, coming from a man who has now attained the luxury of a fixed salary of £3,000 a year, is of specially weighty interest.

As a matter of fact, however, the modern composer of high standing—or let us say the successful composer—is not nearly so unfortunate in regard to finances as were the old masters of the art. While Mozart got no more than a hundred ducats for the *Magic Flute* and only £20 for *Don Giovanni*, Gounod managed to pocket £4,000 for his *Redemption*, and Wagner was £9,000 richer by his *Parsifal*. Handel had to part with most of his operas for twenty-five guineas; and for all his operas put together Mozart did not receive half the sum that Mascagni has already made off the *Cavalleria*. In these old days the claim of the brain-worker to a fair wage, or indeed in some cases to any wage at all, had scarcely been realized. Handel could suggest to Walsh an interchange of their respective places when he found that Walsh had netted a profit of £1,500 off *Rinaldo*, but Walsh preferred to flourish and allow the composer to go bankrupt all the same. And so it is that among the really great composers of the past centuries we look in vain for a wealthy man. Imppecunious fellows they were for the most part.

Palestrina lived and died poor, although not in the extreme poverty of some of his successors. Bach, the fountain-head of all our modern music, had a life-long struggle with poverty, and when his widow died, it was, to the everlasting disgrace of Leipzig, in the poorhouse, to be buried as a pauper. Handel, as everybody knows, practically killed himself in trying to pay off his debts; and Haydn's income would to-day be deemed a paltry pittance by a player in the theatre orchestra. Mozart died so poor that he was buried in a common grave in the Vienna cemetery, worn out by hard work and privations when only thirty-five years old. Beethoven was in his last days dependent on the charity of our Philharmonic Society; and Schubert, who sold some of his songs for less than a shilling, left so little behind him that there was difficulty in raising enough money for the funeral!

Wagner may be taken as a representative of the two extremes. In Paris at one time he felt the direct pinch of want, and no musical work was too humble for him. He arranged cornet solos, four-hand adaptations of operas, and even tried to get an engagement as a chorus singer

in one of the cheap boulevard theatres! By-and-by he had the ball at his foot, and for the last few years of his life he lived like a prince. In Venice, where he spent the vacation that terminated in his death, he had a retinue of servants and attendants, a family tutor, etc., and he lived in a palace fit for a king. When he composed, his study was decorated to correspond with the subject on which he was at work, and laces, fine velvets, flowers, and perfumes lent their aid in stimulating the inspiration of the great composer of the music drama.

The picture is a vivid contrast to the poor Schubert dying almost alone, and to Mozart buried in an unknown grave. But even the present century, though it has done so more than any other, does not always repay genius with honour and riches. Nevertheless we are distinctly moving forward, and it is more than probable that the twentieth century will repay all outstanding debts to genius. May the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* be there to see!

A New Australian Vocalist.

READERS of the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* will be pleased to hear of another Australian singer who bids fair to sustain the high level of artistic powers as shown by her countrywomen Mesdames Melba and Sherwin.

Miss Lalla Miranda has sung for over three years in Melbourne, making her first appearance in the soprano part of Schumann's *Paradise and Peri*. Her concerts there have been one and all wonderful successes, and at her "Farewell Concert," on April 7, she received a testimonial signed by the leading men of Australia.

At present Miss Miranda is staying for a few weeks with her uncle, Mr. S. C. Hirst, the well-known professor of music in Dundee, at whose invitation a select party, chiefly made up of members of the press, had an opportunity of hearing her sing in the large Kinnaird Hall on the 8th of last month. "Sing, sweet bird" (*Ganz*), was the first number, and showed to what perfection Miss Miranda can use her lovely voice. In itself the song is nothing, but sung as brilliantly and at the same time as artistically as Miss Miranda sang it, one was forced to admire it. "Ombra Leggera" ("Shadow Song," *Dinorah*, Meyerbeer) was splendidly sung. One wished to hear the singer in opera, so dramatically was the familiar aria rendered. Miss Miranda is entirely free from tremolo—a fact that ought to be hailed with delight. "With Verdure Clad" (*Creation*, Haydn) and "Last Rose of Summer" (*Martha*, Flotow) were also exceptionally sweetly sung. Miss Miranda goes to Paris to study dramatic singing under Marchese for a few months, and as she is "armed" with letters of recommendation to the first composers and musicians there, she will be sure of good counsel. Her English *début* will take place early next year, in London, at which time I hope to give an "Illustrated Interview" with her. S. F. H.

THE German Emperor's setting of the *Lied* "Sang an Aegir" will shortly be published at Berlin, in both expensive and popular editions.

THE death is announced at Catania of Vincenzo Bellini, a cousin of the once popular composer, and, singularly enough, identical in Christian and surname and in the year of birth, 1802.

A Proposal for a Music Critics' Trust.

OUR friend, Mr. Philip Hale, of Boston, is a man after our own heart. His only weakness appears to be a notion that the musical criticisms of the *Pall Mall Gazette* keep our composers and executive musicians awake at night. The hallucination is, of course, a perfectly harmless one; and after all, while Mr. Hale is patting his critical comrade on the back, one is never sure that he does not have his tongue in his cheek all the time.

But this is not the point of our present interest in Mr. Hale. It is his modest proposal for a music critics' trust that takes our fancy. This is an age of trusts—from coal to cucumbers, from rubber babies to bullet-proof coats. The musical season of 1894-95 promises to be one of unusual hardship and peril for all who are obliged to sit through the concerts. Violinists, hitherto strangers to us, will dazzle and perplex. Prodiges will descend upon us like a plague of caterpillars. Paderewski will resume his experiments in hypnotism, with practical illustrations on subjects taken from the audience. The *Messiah* will be given at least ten times. New operas will be announced to confound us, and in time to confound their composers. From forty to fifty pianists, old and young, male and female, will play beyond all peradventure a derangement of a Bach organ fugue, the Waldstein sonata, three pieces by Chopin, and a *Donner und Blitzen* thing by Liszt. The same old symphonies and the same old overtures will be trotted out at our orchestral concerts. Singers will sing the same gray-haired old songs. And it is not unlikely that Mr. Joseph Bennett will give us another of his limping librettos, to the confounding at once of common sense and the composer.

In view, then, of all this, we hail Mr. Hale's proposal (now, we really did not mean it!) as the "one thing needful"—a veritable godsend to the toiler in the musical Sahara. But you are impatient to learn the terms of the proposal. Well, we are just coming to that, if you will give us time to translate the Americanisms and the dollars into —. No, we shall save ourselves the mental fatigue, and give you the thing as it stands.

Mr. Hale's proposal then is, that the musical critics in self-defence shall form a trust, and adopt the following tariff. And as representatives of leading newspapers and journals are expected to wear clothes that point toward the prosperity of the respective newspaper or journal, and as they are also expected to dine in the sight of the people on stewed meats and claret, the tariff should work to the advantage of all employers. Call it not blackmail, dear reader, for when all are united the ugly word disappears. And now let us quote from this carefully-prepared document:

To say publicly that Mr. Jones "showed a knowledge of the repertoire and his efforts were appreciated by the audience," \$5.

To add to the above that the audience was "cultured," \$5.50.

To speak of Mr. Jones' "mastery of his task," with the insertion of at least six technical words in Italian, and correctly used, \$10.

To write 1,000 words about Mr. Jones, printing the programme in agate, praising his "technical and musical intelligence," \$20.

For adding to the above the name of Mr. Jones' teacher, \$25.

For inserting at the end of the notice the names of patrons and patronesses who were persuaded to attend Mr. Jones' recital, \$30.

Now, the glory of all artistic glories, the one thing desirable and above all praise, is temperament—artistic temperament. Some people deny the existence of temperament; other people sneer at it, and say lightly that it is found chiefly in State prisons. But let us assume the truth of its proud pre-eminence in matters artistic. Has Mr. Jones, then, temperament? It will cost him fifty dollars to have it. It comes high, but it's worth it.

The foregoing tariff is regulated for the convenience of domestic artists.

Let us suppose that Mr. Jagalinski, the eminent Polish virtuoso, invades our city. He represents a piano house of wealth. In justice to our local pianists, the tariff should be prohibitory. After careful consideration, the following arrangement seems fair: (1) The critic receives from the advance agent \$100 in bills before the first of the series of recitals. (2) The critic agrees to publish all articles relating to Jagalinski's noble birth, sudden poverty, unfortunate marriage, subsequent amours, personal habits, and impressions of the country he is now visiting. (3) The critic is required to attend only the first concert, and the manager pledges his word that the following programmes will not deviate from the announcement. (4) For each mention of the piano firm controlling the eminent pianist, \$10. (5) Just before Jagalinski's "grand farewell concert," the critic shall receive \$50 in bills, with a photograph of the pianist, and an autographic dedication expressing homage and personal devotion.

So far this seems all right. We regret, however, to find that the relations which should exist between the operatic manager and the critic have not yet been fully settled, although there has been considerable correspondence towards that end. One manager of a comic opera company proposes fifteen dollars a week during the run; but the price is absurdly low. Only fifteen dollars for six performances and a matinee! Why, it's only about two dollars fifteen cents for each performance. Perish the thought! The insertion of the phrase, "Miss Cocotte's performance of the trying part of *Elise* was a revelation," is alone worth ten dollars. These are points which will assuredly require more careful adjustment.

Grand opera, grand prices. If Mr. Jean de Reszke, for example, can afford to pay for the presence of enthusiastic gentlemen with heavy hands and sticks, he of course can afford to quicken the appreciation of the critic. In view of the phenomenal fees earned by the tenor, \$20 a week to each critic is a trifling sum, which should be doubled if the critic attack vigorously the other tenors of the troupe. Mention of the personal charms and the gorgeous costumes of a *prima donna* will of course be an extra. In all cases, whether there be a recital or an operatic performance, the abstinence from comment on the badness of the performance deserves pecuniary recognition, even when there are no words of praise. The fairness of the critic will determine this matter without any silly or unprofessional friction.

Such is an outline of the proposed tariff. At present, of course, it is only a thing of paper. Experience may modify some of the items, and other critics, according to "the point of view," may suggest other details. But the idea, at any rate, is excellent; it remains with the critics themselves to make it of practical value. Will they do it?

H.

Oratorio Festival at Adelaide,

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

From our Occasional Correspondent.

ADELAIDE, July 1, 1894.

R. C. J. STEVENS, the well-known and energetic conductor of this city, is, in company with other promoters of these concerts, to be congratulated on the admirable performances of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and other classical works, which have been given here to overflowing audiences at the Exhibition Hall. The Governor, Lord Kintore, and Sir William Robinson, and a large number of the leading citizens were present on the two first evenings, June 28th and 30th. The *Elijah* was well done; the choruses, after the first, could hardly have been amended; our Australians seemed to be touched with the true fire, and sang as if they cared. The orchestra too did well; I only once heard a jarring horn. They had all been trained most carefully and admirably, not only to correctness but inner appreciation. Mr. Magrath, the *Elijah*, being a basso, was not ideally fitted for the part; he had sometimes to miss his upper E's, and the great duet was too much for him and for the soprano, but he sang "It is enough" carefully and well, omitting the lovely aria "But the mountains." Mr. Newbury, the tenor, filled his part well. Miss Spada was enthusiastically applauded, especially in "Hear ye, Israel," and Madame Belle Cole, as contralto, maintained her high reputation. But the music itself was the principal thing, and Mr. Stevens has done a great work for Adelaide in giving us this high-class music and helping to elevate public taste. The *Stabat Mater* was given by the same artists, and with equal excellence by band and chorus. It was succeeded by selections from some of the oratorios, such as Samuel's prayer, from Costa's *Eli*; the duet from *Judas Maccabeus*, "O lovely peace"; "Honour and arms," from *Samson*; and "Sound an alarm," the latter being a brilliant success. *The Golden Legend* will be given next week.

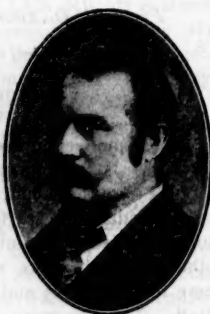
July 6. On Tuesday, the 3rd inst., Sullivan's great work was performed. The hall was packed as before, and the performance, so far as soloists and chorus are concerned, was equal to the others; but the orchestra, having to be reinforced by another band, were not always up to the mark of excellence required by the exacting music. Mr. Magrath, too, again had to omit high notes. Still, upon the whole, it was a rare treat; and the work of the chorus was so strikingly good that an effort is being made to enrol them into a permanent Choral Society of which Adelaide may be proud. The same remarks may be made upon the performance of *Messiah* on the Thursday evening, or rather of selections from that oratorio, for it was not given in its entirety, but ended with the "Hallelujah" chorus. The Belle Cole Company will not leave Adelaide without yet another concert, which will be specially a "Ballad" concert.

ACCORDING to some accounts Signor Mascagni will visit America early in the ensuing year, and will conduct performances of his *Cavalleria* and *Ratcliffe* at the New York Metropolitan Opera House. The work last named has yet to be heard in London.

The Westminster My First Impressions of Bayreuth. Singers.



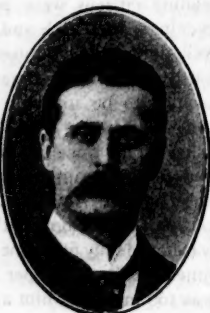
MR. WALTER COWARD.



MR. HARPER KEARTON.



MR. CHARLES ACKERMAN.



MR. W. H. BRERETON.

THE Westminster Singers may fairly be said to take the lead of all London Quartet Clubs. Every one of these gentlemen has not only won individual fame as a soloist of high distinction, but each can lay claim to a first-class musical education and special musical knowledge. Mr. Walter Coward is the son of the well-known Crystal Palace organist, educated at the Chapel Royal, where he is still one of the "Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal," and solo alto at the Temple Church. Mr. Harper Kearton, late organist at York Congregational Church, then tenor at York Minster, then a vicar-choral at Wells, music-master at the Grammar School, vicar-choral at Westminster Abbey, a favourite at the Monday Pops (re-engaged seven years running), a principal tenor at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, 1886, and a vocal and instrumental composer. Mr. Charles Ackerman, of Ipswich, a popular chorister at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, an organ pupil of Mr. de Manby Sergison, a vicar-choral at Westminster Abbey, a position which he now occupies. Mr. W. H. Brereton, the well-known oratorio bass, now director of Rev. H. R. Haweis' surplised choir of ladies and gentlemen at St. James's, Marylebone. He studied under Manuel Garcia, then at Milan under Ronconi. He made his first important appearance at the Festival of the Three Choirs, Worcester, 1884. He has received with so much enthusiasm that he has since been regularly re-engaged at the great festivals, including Birmingham and Leeds. These admirable singers submitted themselves for special training together to A. J. Caldicott, Mus. Doc., and have attained a finish and perfection of ensemble which may well be described as incomparable. No wonder they are in great demand at home and at garden parties! Mr. A. Chappell, of Bond Street, undertakes their professional engagements.

My First Impressions of Bayreuth.

PARSIFAL, July 19, 1894; and
LOHENGRIN, July 20, 1894.

IN writing about the above, I intend doing so not for the benefit of those who have already been to Bayreuth, have seen *Parsifal*, know the music by heart, and are able to "criticise" performers and performance by the simple process of comparing them to former festivals. I can do nothing of the sort. I knew none of the performers personally, nor did I know very much about *Parsifal*, though I had often heard *Lohengrin* whilst abroad. On the whole I went to Bayreuth last week feeling that it was my duty, as an aspiring musician, to go and hear the works of Richard Wagner as he intended them to be heard. Brought up as I have been in the strictly Schumannite school, it may not be surprising that I had not hitherto ventured with heart and soul into Wagner's work. I candidly confess I could not make head or tail of the *Leitmotiv*, and although I often found myself in the position of having to play through the pianoforte score of *Parsifal*, of *Tristan and Isolde*, I could not understand it all.

The Wagnerians have no conception of what it is for one who has not seen the operas to fully comprehend the meaning of some of Wagner's musical and poetical ideas. To hear bits out of the operas performed now and then may interest those who know them well, but it is impossible—utterly impossible, I say—for any one to appreciate them thoroughly without having seen and heard the whole. It is not too much when I now say and confess that I regret that I have all these years missed the great treat of entering more fully into Wagner's works. The beauty of his music, his perfect orchestration, his sublime poetical ideas—all these must interest the true musician. I was astonished to find amongst the numerous audience for *Parsifal* but very few musicians. I saw and met a vast number of critics, and a truly immense number of rich music-loving amateurs. But where were the young musicians, and the old ones too?

Some years ago I asked some of my instructors to permit me to go to Bayreuth. They refused, or rather told me they did not think it good for young musicians to hear Wagner's music. I believed them. But now I am indeed more than sorry that my musical education should have suffered so through the prejudice of others. I hope that no pupils of mine will ever find me stand in the way of their going to hear some of the highest achievements in music.

I ordered seats several months ago for *Parsifal*, *Lohengrin*, and *Tannhäuser*, the dates being respectively—Thursday, 19th; Friday, 20th; and Sunday, 22nd (all of July, of course). I was rather amused to find, on arriving at my destination and lodging (which, by-the-by, turned out to be but four doors from "Villa Wahnfried," the residence of Madame Wagner and family), that I was not quite amongst strangers. My next-door neighbour was Mr. Plunket Greene, and on the floor beneath Mr. Alfred Blume had taken up his abode. I walked out early on July 19, wishing to see as much of Bayreuth as possible during my short stay. I first visited Wagner's grave, which is in the garden of his own home; but strangers approach it through a park, and are only allowed

to peep through the iron railings which encircle a huge flat piece of grey marble, which has no inscription whatever on it; at least, I could see none from where I viewed the grave. A mass of ivy grows round the marble, and only a small bunch of fresh roses was lying at the foot of the stone. The name of Franz Liszt was so closely connected with Wagner's to my mind, that I felt I must go to see his grave too, and although a good distance from Wagner's house, I was determined not to let that debar me from going. (He died on July 31, 1886, during the festival, and was buried in the churchyard of the town.) So to the churchyard I wandered. I found about half-a-dozen little Bavarian peasant children assailing me with the question, "Liszt's Grab?" which they evidently were used to ask. So I let myself be led by the eldest, a girl, who had the key to the little sanctum where the grandest of pianists lies.

The mass of laurel wreaths, of ribbons, or sashes from laurel wreaths that were sent is enormous. My young guide seeing I was most interested in all I saw, produced a cardboard box containing a laurel wreath made of solid silver, sent (as I could read on the accompanying card, by Russian composers. I remembered some of the names, but many of them I had never heard of or seen before.

My young guide then asked me whether I wished to see "Chang Poll's" grave too, and as I really couldn't think how another Giant Chang could have appeared at Bayreuth, I nodded my head and walked with her, when, lo, to my very great astonishment, I found the girl meant Jean Paul—Jean Paul Richter, the novelist.

I could not remain any longer to visit other graves, as I wished to pay my respects to Madame Wagner and her daughters. So to "Wahnfried" I now returned, having sent a little note the day before. The servant knew my name, and I was at once admitted. Wagner's only son, Siegfried, was the first to greet me, and then his two sisters, Gräfin Gräfin, née Von Bülow and Eva Wagner. Naturally the one topic was the coming performance of *Parsifal*, and although I would much have liked to have remained chatting with my interesting hosts, I thought it kinder and more polite to leave, especially as a host of visitors entered of whom very few were personally known to the Wagners. In fact, I was told by the Gräfin that that very morning two Americans had sent in their cards on which they had written: "We are Americans, and have come this morning from New York. Intend hearing *Parsifal*, and return to New York this evening. May we look over your house?" Rather a cool request, but one which the amiable members of the Wagner family did not refuse, although they were rather amazed that their private dwelling should be regarded as a museum open to public gaze.

At the moment I got up to leave, a Mr. and Miss Smith, of Boston, were announced, who were also entire strangers, but Miss Smith was decidedly an interesting, fascinating, tall American, and she reminded me very forcibly of Mary Anderson. So there was at least somebody to look at—I mean for the Wagners to look at—in return for the audacity of strangers entering uninvited and without any introduction.

I returned home well pleased with my morning's experiences, and, after making myself a little more festive-looking (I had been told that people are expected to dress very much), went with a young friend to a real genuine *Biergarten*, where we had a gorgeous luncheon for the munificent sum of 11d. per head. We then walked up the short distance to the theatre. It was then only two o'clock, and the performance began at four. But I had made up my mind to see and hear all I could, and posted myself on



SIEGFRIED WAGNER.

the balcony of another *Biergarten* which is by the theatre, and where all the carriages and people pass.

I saw many people I knew and had met during my concert-tours abroad, and it was eminently flattering to me to get cordial hand-shakes from very many usually feared critics. The two hours' waiting passed quicker than I expected, and very soon the trumpet signal said it was time to take seats.

It was rather a strange feeling that overcame me when I found myself perched up in the last row right in the middle in front of the royal box in this huge building, which reminded me of the Colosseum in Rome. It took me some little time to get accustomed to the darkness in which the house is enveloped during the performance.

But now for the actual performance. I take it for granted that all readers of the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* are acquainted with everything connected with *Parsifal*—I mean the libretto and music.* The soloists were:—

<i>Amfortas</i>	Mr. Reichmann.
<i>Titirel</i>	Mr. Bucha.
<i>Gurnemanz</i>	Mr. Grengg.
<i>Parsifal</i>	Mr. Birrenkoven.
<i>Klingsor</i>	Mr. Plank.
<i>Kundry</i>	Mrs. Rosa Sucher.

The part of Kundry is understood to be one of the most, if not the most, difficult of all Wagner's creations. Rosa Sucher is considered, by her powerful soprano voice and her ardent acting, eminently suited for the personification of the passionate female characters in Wagner's works. Small wonder, therefore, that she was chosen by Madame Wagner to take part in the first performance of this year's *Parsifal*! If I may express my humble opinion, however, in spite of Madame Wagner's superior experience, I should prefer a younger and less heavy-looking singer. No doubt it is not easy to find a pretty figure, excellent acting, and a perfect voice all combined in a young artist, but Madame Wagner had Marie Bréma, who is all that can be desired in these respects. Of *Parsifal* I must say the same. He may have been excellent for the part according to Madame Wagner's idea; but he also was too stout, and not at all youthful-looking; in fact, much more like one of the "strong men," ready to take up fighting at any moment, than the "guileless fool" depicted by Wagner. I am told that Madame Wagner

regards such outward matters as trifles. That may be so; but I, an unprejudiced one, expected everything to be nearly perfect at Bayreuth. This is the thing I was chiefly disappointed in. Everything else was nearly perfection. An unfortunate occurrence in the first act made me lose a good part of it, but I managed to return for the other acts. In between the acts one promenades on an open space in front of the house, and there one meets bearers of high-sounding names—princes and princesses, well-known military men and diplomatists, celebrities of all arts and sciences, and many ladies and gentlemen who go to Bayreuth because it is the fashion. But I missed musicians and young students of music; they, as I have said before, ought to go and hear this work; it would surely inspire them to write noble works of their own. Amongst the celebrities were Sir Frederick Leighton, Jacques Blumenthal, Plunket Greene, and Alfred Blume.

After the glorious *Parsifal* performance I looked forward with great eagerness to the production of *Lohengrin*, with Lillian Nordica as Elsa and Marie Bréma as Ortrud. I may well say that I was completely carried away by the performance and performers. Madame Nordica certainly achieved a very great success. She looked the part, too, which was greatly in her favour. I was much amused to hear some Americans say: "It's just that American timbre which the Germans are completely carried away with. Now we have many voices like Nordica's, but the Germans are not used to it, and that timbre is what they admire most." To my mind Marie Bréma was the greater artist of the two. Her voice and also her acting were indeed splendid. I could well imagine her eminently suitable for the part of Kundry, and I hear that she has studied it.

To-day (I write on July 22), the first performance of *Tannhäuser* is announced, but I am unable to be present. I hope, however, never to lose an opportunity of hearing the Festival again, and if my few words can tempt any one, I would say, "Pack up and go at once." Unfortunately, by the time my readers see this the Festival will be all over. The last performance is on August 19. MARIE WURM.

Musical Copyright in the United States.

AN important decision was given last month by Judge Colt, of Boston, in regard to musical copyright in the United States. By the "manufacturing" clause of the American Copyright Act of 1891 it is a condition of securing copyright in any "book" that it shall be printed from type set or plates engraved in the United States. From the "manufacturing" clause the words "musical composition"—which in the earlier part of the Act are mentioned together with books and other subjects of copyright as being entitled to protection under the Act—were struck out while the Bill was passing through Congress, mainly, it is alleged, because music engraving was so small an industry in the United States as to be hardly worth "protecting." Nevertheless the question arose as to whether musical compositions were not subject to the "manufacturing" clause of the Act, and nearly two years ago a test action, *Novello v. Ditson*, was commenced to decide the point. The proceedings on behalf of the British music publishing trade were taken up by the Music Publishers' Association, at whose annual meeting on

June 27th last, under the chairmanship of Mr. Thomas Patey Chappell, it was officially stated that the evidence was closed, the whole costs down to date on the English side being £600, and that the decision of Judge Colt was awaited. The judgment, according to a cablegram received by the Music Publishers' Association from their counsel, Mr. L. L. Scaife, of Boston, has been given in favour of the British music publishers on all points. It is understood, however, that in any event the case is to be taken to the Supreme Court, in order that a final decision may be given in the matter, and this will accordingly be done, the British music publishers, subscribing another £400 (£1,000 in all) for the purposes of the appeal. A circular addressed to the German music publishers (who are equally interested in the settlement of the question), asking contributions to the expenses, has been met by the German Music Publishers' Association of Leipzig with a reply in the negative, so that the whole of the heavy costs must fall upon a few of the London music publishers.

A Pen Portrait of Massenet.

A LADY interviewer, in Paris has been to see M. Massenet, and describes him to us in true feminine style. He is charming, "in a way"; is entertaining, "and musical as well" (the necessity of a composer being musical does not seem to have struck the lady); and has "little streaks of seriousness that throw his other temperamental resources into relief." The first thing you notice is that his shoulders are square almost to his ears, his head pushed forward in the attitude of a man accustomed to read much with both elbows resting on the table, the book pushed too far away. This materially reduces the impressiveness of his appearance, and you think instinctively, "Is that Massenet?" Then you notice that his feet are very small and his shoes neat. His hands, too, are small and fine and white, and show in contrast with his thin, brown face, where they frequently are during conversation. You see also that his head narrows noticeably and slopes towards the forehead from the back, and that the face follows the same shaping from forehead to chin, which is firm and dominant, however. The hair is scant and brown and straight, and neither long nor short. The features are slightly on the *retroussé* order. The forehead is heavily lined horizontally, like the music staff, and there is not another line in his brown, intense face. His mouth is wide, and has, when not speaking, that expression of having the teeth, not the lips set. A moustache thin and dark, something like Mr. Daly's, conceals it in general. His eyes, full, expressive and dark brown, are the best feature of his personality. Massenet's English, it seems, is confined to "Eet ees a—a ver—y sawin da!"

A COLLECTION of fifty old German *Volkslieder* is being edited by Brahms, and it will shortly be published. Another new publication shortly to appear is "Wagner's Heroines," by M. Étienne Destranges.

HERR CARL REINECKE has recently celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his birthday. He is said to still enjoy perfect health, and he conducted at Leipzig on the occasion his comic opera *Der Gouverneur von Tours* with the utmost energy.

* See the article by Professor G. W. L. Marshall-Hall in the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC*, 1890.

Our Glee Society.

VI.

BYRD (also written Byred, Pyrde, Bird), William: was born about the year 1538. He began his musical career as a chorister in St. Paul's Cathedral, during the temporary restoration of the Romish service there. In 1563, he became organist of Lincoln Cathedral, remaining until 1569, when he succeeded Robert Parsons as one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal; he was also styled organist of the Chapel, though that office was then merely honorary. Jointly with Thomas Tallis, his master, Byrd was granted a patent for publishing music and vending music-paper, and together in 1575 they brought out the *Cantiones Sacre*. Besides this collection, Byrd published several of his own. He also printed three masses, which he probably wrote for the Latin service of Queen Mary. But there can be but little doubt that although Byrd composed for the Anglican service and outwardly conformed to the Established Church, he yet remained secretly attached to the Roman communion all through his life. Indeed, he was presented for "Popish practice" in 1605, at which time he was in hiding.

It appears from the "cheque-book of the Chapel Royal" that Byrd died July 4th, 1623, and he is there styled "a father of musicke," in consequence obviously of his great age. Although he principally excelled as a writer of Church music, it is only incumbent to speak here of him as a madrigalian composer.

In 1588 was published a very curious work, of which the short title given here is *Musica Transalpina*. It is a collection of madrigals in four, five, and six parts, and selected from various authors, and published by a certain N. Yonge, "in favour of such as take pleasure in music of voices."

Yonge or Young was a merchant of London and an enthusiastic amateur musician, and by his influence he got his book so well known that a love for madrigals soon came into existence. Byrd, however, was the first Englishman who wrote in this new vein, this *Musica Transalpina* being but a translation of foreign composers.

The writings of Byrd are noticeable for their masterful harmonies and their depth of tender feeling and repose, etc. The following occurs at the back of the title of his *Cantiones Sacre*; they are eight "reasons briefly set down by the author to perswade every one to learne to sing":—

- "1st. It is a knowledge easily taught and quickly learned, where there is a good master and an apt scoller.
- "2nd. The exercise of singing is delightful to nature, and good to preserve the health of man.
- "3rd. It doth strengthen all parts of the breast, and doth open the pipes.
- "4th. It is a singular good remedie for a stutting and stammering in the speech.
- "5th. It is the best means to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good orator.
- "6th. It is the only way to know where nature hath bestowed a good voyce, which gift is so rare, as there is not one among a thousand that hath it, and in many that excellent gift is lost because they want art to express nature.
- "7th. There is not any musick of instruments whatsoever comparable to that which is made of the voices of men where the voyces are good, and the same well sorted and ordered.
- "8th. The better the voice is, the meeter it is to honor and serve God therewith, and the

voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end."

Omnis Spiritus laudet Dominum.

"Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learn to sing."

With regard to Byrd's most beautiful lullaby the following letter was written by the Earl of Worcester to the Earl of Shrewsbury, September 19th, 1602:—

"We are frolic here in Court, much dancing in the Privy Chamber of country dances before the Queen's Majesty, who is exceedingly pleased therewith. Irish tunes are at this time most pleasing, but in winter *Lullaby*, an old song of Mr. Bird's, will be more in request, as I think."

It was first printed in *Psalms, Sonets and Songs of Sadness and Pietie*, 1588 (Nauman's *History of Music*, and Edward F. Rimbault).

The next meeting of Our Glee Society was held at the Vicarage; and instead, as at first, of it being a favour for people to give us shelter, it was fast becoming quite a coveted honour by the surrounding "gentry" to take us under their roofs.

The Vicarage possessed a nice-sized, square, and lofty dining-room, and the Vicar had, by the permission of our conductor, invited a favoured few to hear us sing; and I wish here to place it upon record that we do now know "how to do it," thanks to the talent and patience of our worthy chief, Louis Tittletop.

We went over "The Silver Swan" again, and he was delighted, and assured us that, in his opinion, it was "simply beautiful." Of course this remark from the sometimes reserved Louis was distinctly cheering, and we all settled down to our work with much smiling and mutual congratulation; and when our conductor rose and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have found out a treasure for you this time," we all gave him a hearty cheer.

"And I feel sure that when we know this lullaby, you will agree with me that it is a very sweet and lovely composition. Now what is the first thing that strikes us as being somewhat out of the ordinary?"

"It seems to me that the key is a little perplexing," said Horace Slim; "why, it begins in C minor, and ends in C major."

"And yet has two flats for its signature," chimed in Roaring Billows; "that is rather unusual, Tittletop, is it not?"

"Very unusual indeed," said Louis; "but I do know of one or two instances where a similar thing occurs. I have in my mind an old madrigal by John Bennett, 1599 (this same period, you see), called, 'When as I looked,' in D minor. The first phrase is in the subdominant minor, and the piece finishes up with a semi-perfect cadence in the subdominant major exactly as in this, with the exception that Byrd has a perfect cadence."

"Then what key would you say this was in?" asked Native Worth of Louis.

"Well, I should say G minor, certainly," said Tittletop.

"Then the old-fashioned way of looking at the last note for the key would not help us in this instance, Mr. Tittletop?" remarked Miss Lily Little.

"Apparently not," answered Louis; "but as it begins and ends in the subdominant of G, I think one is justified in giving that as its key; it certainly is not in B flat. Now let us try it. The sopranos will of course take the top line, and the altos will divide; and we will break through our rule and try it over with the piano first. Now then, please!"

And Louis goes to the piano, and the *Lullaby* is tried over, but with little success.

"That's not first-rate," said our conductor.

"In the first place, the tenors were very much out of tune, and I heard some very funny sounds issuing from the same quarter from the seventh up to the twelfth bar. But I must admit it is not easy, and the phrase in bar 4 from the end was quite wrong. Now don't be disheartened, tenors; let us try it over together again. Never mind the marks of expression yet; we'll get the notes right first."

They tried it over, and it was a little better, and Tittletop told them so, but Native Worth looked very unhappy over it, and Roaring Billows told him so.

"Never mind, Billows," said Worth; "wait till Tittletop gets you on the rack: see how you'll look."

"Oh, I'm coming to the basses presently," said Louis, smiling, "and when I do I won't forget him, Worth."

And so Billows was temporarily hushed. The tenors tried again, and were more successful.

"Now let us try the basses," said Tittletop, with a knowing wink at Billows. But the basses were on their mettle, and went through their part without a mistake.

"Well done, basses; capital!" said Louis.

"But their part is infinitely easier than ours," said Native Worth, feeling and looking very sold that Billows was not called over the coals; while the latter looked supremely happy as Tittletop turned and said: "Now, sopranos, I am going to worry you; and look out for a good blowing up."

Louis was very pleased with their efforts. They, however, stumbled at bars 13 and 14, but soon righted themselves.

"Now then, first altos, we will try you," said our worthy chief; "you have a very easy part."

The notes were fairly correct, but through not counting their time they came somewhat to grief at bars 5, 6, and 7 from the end.

"I don't like to be angry with you, ladies, but really there is no excuse for you not counting your time," said Louis.

"I am afraid it was my fault, Mr. Tittletop," said Miss Stamm.

"Well, don't do it again, you naughty girl," said Louis kindly.

The second altos had been looking at their part carefully; so when Tittletop was ready for them they did excellently well. So that Louis said: "We will now try it all together, and mind the marks of expression."

"Basses, basses, you really must not put on so much power; this is not a Handel Festival, and this is not a Hailstone Chorus," said our conductor, somewhat severely (for him). Native Worth looked delighted at this, and gave a nasty, spiteful little grin at Billows from behind his copy.

"You really must sing it lightly, gentlemen. Exaggerate the *pianos*, and not the accents, and the *mesa di voce* which occurs in bars 6 and 7 from the end must be sung very delicately indeed. Tenors, you were rather good with your expression" (Billows frowns), "but were very much out of tune" (Billows smiles). "The ladies were very good considering; but, all of you, please to remember that it is a lullaby you are singing, and as such it requires repose, repose, repose. Let us sing it once more."

GEO. F. GROVER.

DURING the season 1893-4 of the Hopfer, in Vienna, 273 performances were given of 63 works by 42 performers. At the head of the list were *Pagliacci*, 27 times; *Cavalleria Rusticana*, 18; Smetana's *Der Kuss*, 22; and *Car-men*, 10 times; not one of these being, strictly speaking, a German opera. All Wagner's musical dramas, *Parisfal* of course excepted, were, however, strongly represented.

How Langham Place Won.

THOUGH it is generally held that the parson is the organist's chiefest foe, this is to be accounted erroneous. Musical female members of the congregation are often dangerous, and churchwardens are sometimes more to be feared than they or the parson.

Langham Place was the young organist of the parish church of Amblemouth. The little sleepy town, whose commerce, once busy, is now faded, lies high up on the map of England, in a sheltered bay of the north-east coast. Hardly a stranger visits it in a month, and the rare ones who come hasten away and never come again. For why, I shall tell some other day. Like the town, the church is small, and Place's duties and the salary attached were the same. He taught the local daughters how to dance and to sing, and they would fain have learnt from him how to dance as well. He declined; for he earned sufficient to keep him in shelter, food, music, and music-paper. The last was a necessary, for he composed.

Had he only known it, Amblemouth formed his true environment. All or nearly all his cravings were fulfilled. The stretch of grey sea that mingled far away in a vague mystery with the stretch of grey cloud that lay above it; the wind, redolent of fish, seaweed, and all that is most hateful to the inlander bred; the querulous plash of the sea; and the endless murmur of the sea-winds—these things, with his music, made life as he knew it. These were its fibre; these gave it savour and interest and colour. The crush of sand and gravel and shell, or crackle of bent grass underfoot, were a delight; and he held a grip on his life as the days passed. He lived; and he put the thoughts of his brain and the feelings of his heart into symbolic woven patterns of many notes stretched on the five-line staves of his music-paper; and this he did oftener for love of the thing, but sometimes with conscious pains, as a record to be scanned in the days that were yet to be.

In the days that were not to be, or not as he anticipated. As he grew older he grew less satisfied, and finally an incident occurred—I may tell of it some day—resulting in his marrying his vicar's daughter and departing to try life in the London crowd.

In London he was what is called lucky. Not without struggles, he gained a foothold. He was a competent organist, and though members of the Tammany ring sent their nominees, who kept him out of a post for a long time, he ultimately slipped into a small church. Thence he went to a larger one, and so far as cash was concerned all went well with Langham Place. He taught a few pupils, and attended his choir practices, and earned sufficient; and, as of old, he composed, and had a new delight in the many concerts and operas to which he and his wife went, in the evenings mostly.

Unhappily, he came across a curate named Maurice. This curate aspired to be a leader of the working-men, and to this sacrificed almost as much as many men have sacrificed for drink. He spoke at public meetings; and as his appearance was manly, and his voice harsh and strong, he had every appearance of being "genuine," and Place and some of the working-men believed in him. But his admirers would do nothing for him. He himself told this story. He had spoken with immense effect at a meeting, and the next day met one of his audience who said fervently,

"Mr. Maurice, ye spoke splendid. I feel as if I cud die for ye!"

"Do you?" said Maurice; "then come and hear me preach next Sunday."

The face of him of the hobnailed boots fell.

"Oh!" he said, after an awkward pause, "I would do a lot of things for ye, Mr. Maurice, but I must draw the line somewhere!"

Then Maurice's face fell.

In the fullness of time, Maurice was made vicar of a small church, and he begged Place to become his organist, pointing out that they might arrange splendid oratorio performances and the like. Place mentioned salary, and it was decided that he should go with Maurice, commencing with a small one, which should be raised so soon as things were got into working order. By a dodge of which Place did not hear until later, the old organist was got rid of, and Place reigned in his stead.

The congregation was an old-fashioned one, and the churchwardens, Fuller and Mennell, were still more old-fashioned. They dreaded a reforming parson, and they objected to their old organist being thrown away like a worn-out slipper. They knew Maurice could snap his fingers at them, but they thought they might hit his friend Langham Place rather hard. Maurice was—in theory, and in practice when it suited him—democratic, and he had got the churchwardens to appoint Place, declaring, for reasons which were apparent to Place afterwards, that the appointment was in their hands. They appointed him, and quickly regretting it, determined to turn him away as quickly as was convenient. Fuller was a bogus doctor; Mennell was a bankrupt something or another: Fuller had energy; Mennell had left his somewhere on the road: Fuller undertook to create the row which would secure Place's banishment; Mennell stood by ready to shake hands with whichever side won.

Maurice, as has been said, believed in democratic government when it suited him. For the present he wanted to keep Place, and if he were to keep Place it was necessary to send away Fuller. Fuller was people's warden, and, as Maurice significantly told Place, could be elected or rejected by the people at the Easter vestry. No man had heard of a contested election for churchwarden; Place determined it should be heard of. Wherefore he selected a suitable man, Wanders by name, and secretly, swiftly, on the day of the vestry, got some fifty of his supporters—mostly relatives of his choir-men, who always stood by him—to come and vote as he desired.

On the Sunday before the vestry there was a frightful row. When the churchwardens know "God save the Queen" from "Tommy, make room for your uncle," and know they know it, no organist enjoys peace at that church long. One of them wants Jackson in X, the other Smith in Y, and perhaps the vicar complicates matters by a leaning towards Jones in Z. Then angry words, if not the furniture, fly about until service-time, when they go to their places and pray for peace in their time, O Lord, each thinking, "If I get our present organist out, and So-and-so in, I'll get my own way." Wherefore a quarrel is picked; the then organist goes, and is succeeded by another man, who sooner or later is treated in like manner. Such an incident occurred on this particular Sunday. Instead of weakening Place, however, it strengthened him; for Maurice saw in it a chance of getting more of his way with Place, and Mennell and Fuller, instead of combining, fell out.

The eventful evening came, and "Dr." Fuller, looking around and seeing many of his patients—for he was a cheap doctor, and the neighbour-

hood was poor—felt secure; and Mennell had just been told by Maurice that he was to be vicar's warden another year—on trial, as it were. Maurice did not say that, but Mennell knew that he meant it, and determined to be tractable, for to be churchwarden was a comforting dignity in the days of stony-brokenness. Langham Place was there, and felt satisfied too when he saw his supporters.

The time tightened up, and, other business being done, it was presently the moment to elect the wardens. Maurice announced Mennell as his man. Then up rose one of Fuller's patients, who could not pay his bill, and nominated "Dr." Fuller as people's warden, "merely," he observed, "as a matter of form." Maurice, from the chair, asked if there were any further nominations, whereat Fuller looked aghast. Langham Place leaped up.

"Yes," he said; "I beg to propose Mr. Wanders; he is a better-known gentleman in this parish than I am, so I will not sing his praises, except to say we could not have a better churchwarden."

Fuller started up furiously.

"Sir," he shouted, "Place is our servant,—he is merely organist of this church,—although he does talk about himself as a gentleman. He has no right to propose a churchwarden."

"Why should Dr. Fuller think I have no right?" queried Langham, with an emphasis on "Dr."

"Sir," bellowed Fuller, "this fellow insults me. You heard how he said 'Dr.,' continued he, endeavouring to mimic Place's accent.

"You mean it is a mistake,—that you are not Dr.?" asked Place.

"I meant no sich thing!" roared Fuller.

"I am very sorry," said Place; "I certainly thought you meant you were not 'Dr.,'—so many people say you are not, you know."

A titter went round the room.

Fuller was too full to answer, and Maurice cut in,—

"Mr. Langham Place resides in the parish, and being a parishioner, is entitled to nominate and to vote."

One of Place's choir-men, also a parishioner, seconded the nomination; Fuller seconded his own nomination. Mennell got up and maundered something in favour of Wanders; this was the result of the Sunday row. The vote was taken, and came out thus:—

Wanders 57

Fuller 2

Majority ... 55

Fuller rushed madly from the room to commence a libel action. But it was now 10 p.m., and his courage cooled before morning. That libel action was never brought.

Mennell congratulated Place, and Place felt too good-humoured to say anything nasty, for he had done what never organist ventured to do before.

And this is how Langham Place won.

A STATEMENT has been widely circulated in the Paris papers that the Scottish composer, Mr. Hamish MacCunn, has written a new opera to a libretto by the Marquis of Lorne, and that prior to a public representation it will be performed before the Queen at Windsor Castle. The rumour needs confirmation, but it is at any rate certain that Mr. MacCunn's *Jeanie Deans* written to the libretto by Mr. Joseph Bennett, is now practically finished, and, it will shortly be produced by the Carl Rosa Company.

Organ and Choir Column.

CHORAL FESTIVALS.

DIOCESAN Choral Associations are sprinkled pretty liberally over the land; many of them are in a highly efficient state, and given to the performance of good solid music. It is not respecting them, however, that I wish now to take up my parable. They are fed chiefly from the select few efficient choirs in the diocese, and are not, to any alarming extent, patronised by the average country church, or town mission chapel; these two last-named bodies being moved more frequently to attach themselves to some local choir association—generally a ruridecanal one—for reasons sufficiently obvious to any observer.

It is to these local festivals that I wish to confine my present remarks. We all know their *raison d'être*. The parish choir of modest musical attainments cannot aspire to the ambitious music performed by the big diocesan body, but it does not wish to be deprived of its annual choral meeting, with all its pleasant associations. *Ergo*—"let us have a local festival with simpler music."

If, as sometimes happens, the big diocesan society is afflicted with a cathedral organist with a passion for bringing out sacred trilogies, it not infrequently turns out that the ranks of the local associations are recruited from among certain of the better class choirs, which are endowed with sufficient self-respect to eschew wearisome recapitulation of the powers of repartee possessed by Balaam's beast of burden, or the piscatorial experiences of one Jonah. Turning their backs on weird contrapuntal exercises and vocalized organ fugues, they throw in their lot with the local association, with great advantage to the latter body.

So much for the composition of these local societies; but what about the music they are usually addicted to performing? We have seen that it must of necessity be "simple," but what a train of horrors does that one little desideratum too often entail! How many of our advertising composers can write simple music which equally avoids dullness and trashiness, and how few of the local clergy—who usually "run" these local festivals—are capable of distinguishing such music from that which while really simple, is also really good!

A somewhat wide experience of local festivals has shown me much similarity in the style of their organisers and their organisation. The national schoolmaster-organist has little or nothing to do with them, beyond grinding the music into his choir to the best of his ability. The book is usually drawn up by a more or less incompetent clerical committee, the individual members of which defer gracefully (for your country vicar is almost invariably a gentleman at least) to the opinions of the clergyman (there is always at least one of the type), who has been most successful in impressing them with the magnitude of his musical talents. He generally belongs to one of two classes—either the young curate who has received a sufficient smattering of music at his theological college to make himself more or less of a nuisance to church organists, or the elderly vicar who (musically) enjoys "that kind of reputation

which precedes performance, often the larger part of a man's fame."

How then does all this affect the music? Well, it is obvious that if our hypothetical vicar makes up the book we shall not escape the domestic influence of mamma or the daughters, who are bound to see to it that some "sweetly pretty" tune of the strawberry-jam order or some Spohr-like chant with wailing chromatics shall be included. I knew a rector's son who suffered from a chronic attack of musical composition—with occasional lucid intervals—and during a more than usually violent paroxysm of his disorder he "arranged" Costa's *Eli* March to a processional hymn. It went into the festival book; top A and all complete.

Is it the musical curate who rules the committee? Then we may expect to find our poor country choirs struggling with the latest "gem" which he has heard at Westminster or St. Paul's. Or perchance he makes a pilgrimage to Novello's to choose some suitable music. Novello is his musical high-priest, and whatever appears on his shelves *must* be good. Barely able to read a single part, it is not likely that he can mentally hear three or four; consequently his choice most frequently falls on what *looks* easy. Bitter experience has taught me what depths of deadly dullness are fathomed in this way.

There is yet another source from which festival music is largely drawn, I mean the productions of the advertising composer, that strange being, whose "simple," "tuneful," "popular," and "effective" concoctions always run through a phenomenal number of editions within a month of publication, and are always performed at an equally phenomenal number of "choral festivals" every year.

Why does the musical curate specially affect this species of music, you ask? I am afraid the only answer is to be found in the words of a famous Frenchman: "They love the commonplace because the excellent is an insult to their intelligence."

We have seen how the music suffers from the nature of the compilers of the book, but its actual performance frequently suffers also from the manner in which it is practised. The usual course is to hand the book over to the schoolmaster-organist, who makes what he can of it with his choir. Lack of funds prevents the engagement of a really first-rate man who shall go round to the individual choirs, coaching, and giving advice, so the choice of a person to act in that capacity frequently falls upon some choirman from the cathedral, or some important parish church. This type of person may be an excellent singer, but he is rarely an artist, and seldom knows much of the practical side of choir training. "Mr. —, principal bass of — Cathedral, conducted with the sound judgment of a ripe musician," sounds well in the local papers, however, and as an ornament he doubtless has his uses, but his practical utility is slender.

One last drawback to these performances is the lack of proportion between the trebles and the other parts. A tenor in a village choir is a *rara avis*, and even the basses invariably form but a small section of the choir.

The remedy obviously lies in having more unison singing. One usually finds the music in four-part harmony throughout, and the effect of this with a scarcity of basses and almost entire absence of tenors is worse than the unsalted egg or the unsweetened tea. Good bold unison

singing, with occasional harmonised passages to prevent tediousness, is surely preferable to four-part harmony with at least two inaudible parts.

This sketch of a local choral festival is no imaginary one; on the contrary, the illustrations have been drawn from actual occurrences which have come under my own notice. I may have something further to say on the subject in a future issue, but for the present would merely suggest one means by which one might ensure (1) a book more adapted to the actual capacity of the choirs forming the association; (2) a performance which shall be more spirited, more confident (and naturally more reverent), than the present lame and wobbly ones which one usually hears.

First of all, eliminate your clerical committee where the question of the music is concerned. Get your cathedral organist, or some other competent man, to draw up the book. He may be addicted, it is true, to composing sacred trilogies, but he will, at any rate, know what music would be most effective with the material which you have at your disposal. Secondly, abolish the choirman-conductor. Plenty of really competent men, both amateur and professional, could be found if one knew where to find them. On that point, the advice of a capable musician would be necessary. Only if you do desire success, first learn to consider your choirman-conductor as not a *sine quâ non*.

"A testimonial has been started at Cambridge for the purpose of expressing appreciation of the work of Dr. Garrett, the organist of Cambridge University, in the service of English music. It is proposed to open a subscription list, which will remain open till the last day of November. It is 50 years since Dr. Garrett entered the choir of New College, Oxford, and thus began his career as a musician. He graduated Mus. B. in 1857, and as a Doctor of Music in 1867. He is also a graduate in Arts of Cambridge, and a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists and of Trinity College, London. He was appointed in 1873 organist of the Cambridge University, and University Lecturer in Harmony and Counterpoint in 1880. His published works comprise several cantatas, church services, songs, part songs, works for the organ, etc. In addition to his valuable work as organist and University lecturer, he has done good service as a member of the Board of Musical Studies of Cambridge University. The presentation is a fitting recognition of worthy service which he has rendered to musical art in England." So says a contemporary, and we agree.

The same contemporary recently broke out into wild and uncontrollable humour—probably on the retirement of a discredited journalist from his share in the editorship. Such humour is so rare that I feel it would be unfair to deprive my readers of it. Here you are:—"Scotland is a favourite holiday resort with our musicians. Dr. G. C. Martin is at Spean Bridge, Sir Walter Parratt and his family at Port Patrick, Dr. and Mrs. Bridge are fishing in Ross-shire, having as their guests Dr. and Mrs. Gladstone. The latter gentleman is said to be an expert angler, an accomplishment which he probably acquired, with other attainments, from his celebrated master, Dr. Wesley. Let us hope these gentlemen will leave 'five lines' behind them, and have 'tight lines' instead. We wish them, in this little note, a well-earned rest."

Unable to attend the distribution of the Fellowship diplomas of the Royal College of Organists (late the College of Organists, Limited), and hear the sage utterances of Mr. Sidebotham, the precocious musical M.P., I made the best of a bad business and put in an appearance at the associateship diploma distribution. Just as I entered, Dr. Peace, of Glasgow, rose to make a speech, and, to my immense amusement, he presently fell foul of the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC*, or, as he termed it, a magazine of music. He

GUILD OF ORGANISTS.

Patron: The Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.
President: E. J. HOPKINS, Esq., Mus. D., Cantuar.
Warden: J. T. FIELD.

The NEXT EXAMINATION for Certificate of practical Musicianship, and Fellowship of the Guild (F. Gld. O.) will be held January 12th, 1895. Registers of vacancies and Candidates for Organ Appointments kept. FRED. B. TOWNEND, London address, 4, Huggin Lane, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

said he had lately read an article in that magazine, and was alarmed to find the "disrespectful tone with which the College of Organists was spoken of." Well, I was not alarmed, but I was considerably surprised to hear that Dr. Peace read the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, for both the manner and matter of his speech suggested that he had read nothing since he left school. Yet, if he still hungers and thirsts for knowledge—and, remembering some of his utterances, I confess that such hunger and thirst do great credit to a man of his age—he cannot do better than read the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

The main point of Dr. Peace's speech was a complaint that in organ music there were no schools corresponding to the various schools of piano music. Thus, he said, in the latter there was first the pre-classical school—Handel, Bach, Couperin, and the rest. Then came the classical men, including Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert. After them the Romantic school, including Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and the others. Then came a joke, inaudible to my poor ears on account of the speaker's consuming laughter at his own funniness.

Now I say nothing of the monumental ignorance of musical history shown in these remarks, except that to set up such a man as a model for the imitation of budding A.R.C.O.'s is hardly creditable to the College of Organists. Having achieved a series of astonishing blunders, Dr. Peace went on to give away the diplomas. Of these there were about forty, and he went resolutely through the business, shaking hands with every successful candidate. Then Mr. James Higgs and others spoke; here Dr. Peace made another joke, and the proceedings terminated. I can, without hypocrisy, congratulate Dr. Peace on his bravery, for it takes a great deal of courage to give away forty diplomas in one morning and say that Schubert betrayed the classical school.

ORGANIST and CHOIR-TRAINER.—A young man wishes to meet with re-engagement. Would be willing to teach in Sunday-school and be generally useful. Has been accustomed to garden and pony. Excellent refs.

THE Vicar of — recommends for a situation in a clergyman's family, combining work in garden and stable with services as organist or choirman, a YOUNG MAN, aged 18, who has not been in service. Strong, willing; communicant; very musical.

I call these little "ads." from recent issues of the *Church Times*. Does it ever strike my readers that the parson who offers such engagements is a cad, and the organist who accepts them a poor downtrodden tool?

JUBAL JUNIOR.

Mr. Akeroyd's Pamphlet.

WHO Mr. Akeroyd is, what his position in the musical world, his authority to decide which institutions are bogus and which are not, are matters of which I confess my complete ignorance. Recently, however, a twelve-page pamphlet pretending to discuss the subject of "musical examinations," being an "extract of paper read at the Sectional Conference of the North-western section of the Incorporated Society of Musicians at Liverpool, October 8th, 1892, by" this gentleman, reached this office. It was accompanied by a pencilled slip of paper, of which this is a facsimile:—

*A. bogus exam:
business for Dummies where
'e as to notice if the
bribe of their adv. in
his col. is not too strong
Vide question asked
in House of Commons on
July 20 by Mr Diamond
respecting their pretended
exams. and the crushing
reply of Mr Home Secy.*

Further, a cutting, or rather tearing, from the *New York Musical Courier* was included. This I did not have facsimiled, as it consisted of the advertisement of a respectable English college of music. I will content myself with quoting from the remarks pencilled upon it. Thus opposite the name of a Mus. Doc. which may be found, I do not say in the roll of that nonsensical body the Union of Graduates, but in any reliable list of University graduates published in this country, I find written "No sich (sic) Mus Doc at Oxf"; against another name "Fraudelend (sic) Bankrupt itc" (sic) "Imposter —(sic)." The handwriting is the same as that given above, though there is an evident attempt at disguise.

I do not say that Mr. Akeroyd wrote these anonymous productions or sent his lecture; but I shall be glad to receive specimens of any writing resembling the facsimile, that I may print it also, with a view of discovering the true author, who, I am bound to assume, is a scoundrel. Let me now devote a little space to an examination of Mr. Akeroyd's lecture.

My first and most abiding impression on reading it was and is that Trinity College, the College of Organists, and other "diploma-granting concerns" with a disreputable past, must beg to be saved from such friends as Mr. Akeroyd. Take the first paragraph:—

"The subject of musical examinations is causing great anxiety to those members of our profession who study the signs of the times. During the last few years, various irresponsible examining bodies have sprung into existence, whose sole aim is not so much the advancement of the art we all love, as the accumulation of fees, derived from the innocent people who are caught by the specious advertisements issued by these musical sharks."

Why, this is precisely what Sir Edward Clarke said in his famous letter about Trinity College twelve years ago; it is what I have frequently said, without contradiction, about the College of Organists more recently. And so right through the lecture. There is nothing Mr. Akeroyd says about what he is pleased to call the "shady institutions" that does not apply with even greater force to the institutions which he differs from Sir Edward Clarke and my humble self in thinking are not shady. He tells the story of a boy who gained an "Honours" certificate for organ-playing, and on being tested by "a Fellow of the College of Organists" "did not know the fingering of the scales, knew no pieces, and had never learnt a study." Now, I ask Mr. Akeroyd whether, if I told him of a boy who gained, say, the F.C.O., and on being tested by a Licentiate of the

London College of Music proved to know nothing whatever, he would believe me. He certainly would not; he would ask, and properly ask, for name; and if I could not give it, he would say the case was a bogus one. I do not say this about Mr. Akeroyd's case. But I do say that in giving such a case, without mentioning any name, he has resorted to a dodge unworthy of an honourable man—a dodge which is on a par with anonymous letter-writing. Let him bring forward the name of the boy he mentions and the name of the institution which gave him that "Honours" certificate.

Mr. Akeroyd's next point is that the London College of Music did on one occasion grant a diploma to a musician of some standing without examination. What a terrible charge! Here is a more general indictment:—

"Mr. T. Weekes Holmes admitted, whilst under cross-examination by Mr. Waddy, that the 'college authorities' had given some diplomas without examination, and on payment of £1 3s. 6d. in fees."

It will be a dreadful day for Oxford, or Cambridge, or Durham, or any other university, when Mr. Akeroyd examines their record. He will undoubtedly do them the same great harm that he has already done to, say, the London College of Music! For every university of any standing in the world has at one time or another given a degree or diploma without examination, and on payment of fees. Joachim, Grieg, Tschaiakowsky, and many others have received such degrees from Cambridge. Nay, Mr. Akeroyd's fearful charge may be brought nearer home. He names Trinity College, London, as one of the "recognised" institutions. Will it be believed that the principal of that institution received a degree without examination, and on payment of not £1 3s. 6d., but nearly £60, in fees?

This is a fair sample of Mr. Akeroyd's method. He takes a perfectly harmless incident, screams that it is a crime, that those who arranged it are rascals, and all the while forgets that institutions he defends are guilty in exactly the same way. That such a lecture abounds in mis-statements goes without saying. Thus we read of the London College of Music that "Mr. T. Weekes Holmes, he was and is the proprietor of the whole business," which I label as an unblushing falsehood. Again, we read that in one well-known case Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Herbert Oakeley, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Frederic Cowen allowed their names to be used as patrons of a school of music founded at Peckham Rye, but when they discovered that this institution had suddenly blossomed forth into a diploma-dispensing business, under the style and title of "The London College of Music," they promptly dissociated themselves from the scheme. Need I say that this is absolutely untrue; that Mr. Cummings took the chair at a dinner after the London College of Music was given its present name; that none of the gentlemen in question have ever breathed a word against the London College?

This work of "exposure" accomplished, Mr. Akeroyd proceeds to heap praise upon various concerns with which he is presumably connected, and which praise must be most disastrous to those concerns. A horrible thought strikes me: Is Mr. Akeroyd trying to ruin these various concerns? In that case I must own to having been taken in. Anyhow, it is obvious that I cannot write more until reliable information comes to hand. I sincerely hope some readers of this magazine will come to the rescue and tell me whether there really is any Mr. Akeroyd, or whether after all this lecture is simply a clever dodge on the part of some one who wants to see Trinity College, the College of Organists, and the Incorporated Society of Musicians, fall in one resounding bang. Two such lectures will certainly bring about that result, besides getting their writer placed safely in a lunatic asylum.

Franz Liszt

Described by some of His Admirers.

(COMPILED BY ANDREW DE
TERNANT).

(Continued from page 188.)

—:0:—
GEORGE ELIOT.

THE great English novelist visited Liszt at Weimar in 1854, and records some pleasing recollections:—

"About the middle of September the theatre opened. We went to hear *Ernani*. Liszt looked splendid as he conducted the opera. The grand outline of his face and floating hair were seen to advantage as they were thrown into the dark relief by the stage lamps. Liszt's conversation is charming. I never met a person whose manner of telling a story was so piquant. The last evening but one that he called on us, wishing to express his pleasure in G.'s article about him, he very ingeniously conveyed that expression in a story about Spontini and Berlioz. Spontini visited Paris while Liszt was living there, and haunted the opera—a stiff, self-important personage, with high shirt collars, the least attractive individual imaginable. Liszt turned up his own collars, and swelled out his person, so as to give us a vivid idea of the man. Everyone would have been glad to get out of Spontini's way; indeed, elsewhere, 'on feignait de la croire mort,' but at Paris, as he was a member of the Institute, it was necessary to recognise his existence. Liszt met him at Erard's more than once. On one of these occasions Liszt observed to him that Berlioz was a great admirer of his (Spontini), whereupon Spontini burst into a terrible invective against Berlioz as a man who, with the like of him, was ruining art, etc. Shortly after the *Vestale* was performed, and forthwith appeared an enthusiastic article by Berlioz on Spontini's music. The next time Liszt met him of the high collars he said, 'You see I was not wrong in what I said about Berlioz's admiration of you.' Spontini swelled in his collars and replied, 'Monsieur, Berlioz a du talent comme critique.' Liszt's replies were always felicitous and characteristic. Talking of M^{me}. d'Agoult, he told us, that when her novel, 'Nelida,' appeared in which Liszt himself is pilloried as a delinquent he asked her, 'Mais pourquoi avez-vous tellement maltraité ce pauvre Lehmann?' The first time we were asked to breakfast at his house, the Altenburg, we were shown into the garden, where in a salon formed by the overarching trees *dîners* was set out. We found Hoffmann von Fallersleben, the lyric poet, Dr. Schade, a *Gelehrter*, and Cornelius. Presently came a Herr or Doctor Raff, a musician, who had recently published a volume called 'Wagnerfrage.' Soon after we were joined by Liszt and the Princess Marie, an elegant, gentle-looking girl of seventeen, and last by the Princess Wittgenstein, with her nephew, Prince Eugene, and a young French artist, a pupil of Scheffer. The Princess was tastefully dressed in a morning robe of some semi-transparent white material, lined with orange colour, which formed the bordering and ornament of the sleeves, a black lace jacket, and a piquant cap on the summit of her comb, and trimmed with violet colour. When the cigars came, Hoffmann was requested to read some of his poetry, and he gave us a bacchanalian poem with great spirit. I sat next to Liszt, and my great delight was in watching him and in observing the sweetness of his expression. Genius, benevolence, and tenderness beam from his whole countenance, and his manners are in perfect harmony with it. Then came the thing I had longed for—his playing. I sat near him, so that I could see both his hands and face. For the first time in my life I beheld real inspiration—for the first time I heard the true tones of the piano. He played one of his own compositions, one of a series of religious fantasies. There was nothing strange or excessive about his manner. His manipulation of the

instrument was quiet and easy, and his face was simply grand—the lips compressed and the head thrown a little backward. When the music expressed quiet rapture or devotion, a smile flitted over his features: when it was triumphant the nostrils dilated. There was nothing petty or egotistic to mar the picture. Why did not Scheffer paint him thus, instead of representing him as one of the three Magi? But it just occurs to me that Scheffer's idea was a sublime one. There are the two aged men who have spent their lives in trying to unravel the destinies of the world, and who are looking for the deliverer—for the light from on high. Their young fellow-seeker, having the fresh inspiration of early life, is the first to discern the herald star, and his ecstasy reveals it to his companions. In this young Magi, Scheffer has given a portrait of Liszt; but even here, where he might be expected to idealize unrestrainedly, he falls short of the original. It is curious that Liszt's face is the type that one sees in all Scheffer's pictures—at least, in all I have seen.

In a little room which terminates the suite at the Altenburg there is a portrait of Liszt, also by Scheffer—the same of which the engraving is familiar to every one. This little room is filled with memorials of Liszt's triumphs and the worship his divine talent has won. It was arranged for him by the Princess, in conjunction with the Arnims, in honour of his birthday. There is a medallion of him by Schwanthaler, a bust by an Italian artist, also a medallion by Rietschl—very fine—and cabinets full of jewels and precious things—the gifts of the great. In the music *salon* stand Beethoven's and Mozart's pianos. Beethoven's was a present from Broadwood, and has a Latin inscription intimating that it was presented as a tribute to his illustrious genius. One evening Liszt came to dine with us at the Erb Prinz, and introduced M. Rubinstein, a young Russian, who is about to have an opera of his performed at Weimar."

AN ANONYMOUS LADY ADMIRER.

This lady relates a touching incident about Liszt and a young music mistress:—

"Liszt was still at Weimar, and no one could venture to encroach upon his scant leisure by a letter of introduction. I saw him constantly at the mid-day *table d'hôte*. His strange impressive figure as he sat at the head of the table was a sight to remember; the brilliant eyes that flashed like diamonds, the long hair, in those days only iron grey, the sensitive mouth, the extraordinary play of expression, once seen, could never fade from memory. Everything indeed about him was phenomenal—physiognomy, appearance, mental gifts; last, but not least, amiability of character, and an almost morbid terror of inflicting pain. This characteristic, of course, led him into many embarrassments, at the same time into the committal of thousands of kind actions, often at the sacrifice of time, peace of mind, and, without doubt, intellectual achievements. As I proposed to spend some months at Weimar, I engaged a music mistress, one of Liszt's former pupils, whom I will call Fräulein Marie. 'I will myself introduce you to the Herr Doctor,' she said. 'To his pupils he refuses nothing.' I must add that Fräulein Marie was in better circumstances than most German teachers of music. She had, I believe, some small means of her own, and belonged to a very well-to-do family. The poor girl, who was, as I soon found out, desperately in love with her master, got up a charming little *fête champêtre* in his honour and my own. A carriage was ordered, picnic baskets packed, and one brilliant summer afternoon hostess and guests started for Tieffurt. The party consisted of Liszt, Fräulein Marie, a violinist of the other sex, a young lady pianiste from a neighbouring town, and myself. Liszt's geniality and readiness to enter into the spirit of the occasion were delightful to witness. The places of honour were assigned to the English stranger and the violinist, Liszt insisting on seating a pupil on each side, on the opposite seat of the carriage, not in the least disconcerted by such narrow accommodation. Thus, chatting and laughing, all of us in holiday mood, we reached the pretty park and château of Tieffurt. As the evening was cool, we supped inside the little restaurant, and here a grievous disappointment awaited our hostess. Tieffurt is celebrated for its trout; indeed this delicacy is as

much an attraction to many visitors as its literary and artistic associations. But although trout had been ordered by letter beforehand, none was forthcoming wherewith to fête the Maestro. Fräulein Marie was in tears. Liszt's gaiety and affection, however, put everything right. He cut brown bread and butter for the two girls, and made them little sandwiches with the excellent cold *Wurst*. 'Ah, das schmeckt so gut,' they cried, as they thanked him adoringly. He told stories, he made the rest do the same. 'Erzählen von Erfurt—tell us Erfurt news,' he said to the young lady guest. The moments passed all too rapidly. Then in the clear delicious twilight we drove back to Weimar, his pupils kissing his hands reverentially as he quitted us. So far all had been bright, joyous, transparent; but I soon discovered that this charming girl, who possessed the vivacity of a Frenchwoman combined with the *schwärmerei* or sentimentality of a Teutonic maiden, was rendered deeply unhappy by her love for Liszt. He was at that time enmeshed in the toils of another and far less guileless passion. Whilst to his gentle and innocent pupil he could accord only the affection of a loving and sympathetic friend and master, there were other women about him. Fräulein Marie's hapless sentiment could never discredit either herself or its object, but it occasioned a good deal of embarrassment and wretchedness, as we shall see. A few days after this gay *à fresco* tea she came to me in great distress, begging me forthwith to deliver a little note into the master's hand. I was reluctantly obliged to delegate the delicate mission to a hired messenger. Ill would it have become a stranger to interfere in these imbrolios. Moreover at that very time Liszt had, as I have hinted, a love affair on his hands—had, in fact, momentarily succumbed to the influence of one of those women who were his evil genius. Just ten years later I revisited Weimar, and my first inquiry of common friends was after my sweet young music mistress. 'Fräulein Marie! Alas!' replied my informant, 'the poor girl has long been in a *maison de santé*.' Her love for Liszt ended in loss of reason."

LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

Lady Blanche gives an interesting account of Liszt's sojourn at the Monastery on Monte Mario in 1862, shortly after he became an Abbé of the Roman Catholic Church. After describing the scenery of the place, she says:—

"Here Liszt had taken up his abode, renting two bare, white-walled rooms for the summer, where he looked far more at home than among the splendours of the prelate's reception-room or the feminine elegancies of the princess' boudoir. He seemed happier, too,—more cheerful, and lighthearted. He said he meant to be a hermit this summer, and the good Dominican lay-brother attended to all his creature comforts, while he could solace himself by hearing the daily Mass said in the early morning in the little chapel, into which he could step at any moment. His pianoforte stood in one corner of his little cell, his writing table was piled with books and music, and besides these there was nothing of interest in the room. The window looked out upon one of the most glorious views of the world. Here Liszt seemed quite another being. He talked gaily, and suddenly started up, volunteering to play for us—a thing, many of his best friends said, they had not known him do for years. It was all his own, yet, though peculiar, the sound did not resemble the sobbing music, the weird chords, his fingers had drawn forth from the keys as he played among conventional people in conventional evening gatherings. There was a freshness, a springiness, in to-day's performance which suited the place and hour; and that visit to the hermit-artist was indeed a fitting leave-taking for us who were so entranced with his pure, strong genius. Still, the artist had not forgotten to initiate us into one of the secrets of his simple retreat. The Dominicans of some remote mountain convent had kindly sent him a present of some wonderful liqueur—one of those impossible beverages associated in one's mind with Hebe's golden cups of flowing nectar, rather than with any commonplace drink. Liszt insisted upon our tasting this: green Chartreuse was nothing to it, and we scarcely did more than taste. And this was the last time we saw

him: this king-artist. It was a great privilege, and perhaps he, of all living artists we had come across, is the only one who could not disappoint one's ideal of him."

KARL KIRKENBÜHL.

This author, in his *Federzeichnungen aus Rom*, describes a visit to Liszt in 1867:—

"The building in which Liszt resides in Rome is of unpretending appearance; it is, and fancy may have pictured such a place as Liszt's *Sans Souci*, a melancholy, plain little monastery. But, by its position, this quiet abode is so favoured that probably few homes in the wide world can be compared to it. Situated upon the old Via Sacra, it is the nearest neighbour of the Forum Romanum, while its windows look towards the Capitol, the ruins of the Palatine Palace, and the Colosseum. In such a situation a life of contemplation is forced upon one. I mounted a few steps leading up to the open door of the monastery, and all at once grew uncertain what to do, for I saw before me a handsome staircase adorned with pillars, such as I should not have expected from the poor exterior of the building. Had not a notice in the form of a visiting card over the large door at the top of the stairs met my eye, I should have considered it necessary to make further enquiries. As it was, however, I was able to gain from the card itself the information I needed. I approached and read: 'L'Abbé Franz Liszt.' So, really an Abbé. A visiting card half supplies the place of an autopsy. After I had arranged my necktie, and pulled on my gloves more tightly, I courageously grasped the green cord that summoned the porter. Two servants, not in tail coats, it is true, but clad in irreproachable black, received me; one hastened to carry in my card, while the other helped me off with my top coat.

"My ideas of a genuine monkish life suffered a rude shock. Wherefore two servants before the cell of a monk; or if attendant spirits, why were they not, according to monastic rules, simply lay-brothers?

"But I had not long to puzzle my brains with these obtrusive questions, for I was presently plunged into still greater mental confusion. The messenger who had gone to announce me returned and ushered me in with a notification that Signor Abbate requested me to wait a moment in—the drawing-room! Yes, actually a drawing-room, in the most elegant acceptance of the word. It wanted nothing either of the requisites for northern comfort or of the contrivances demanded by the climate of Rome, though glaring luxury appeared scrupulously avoided.

"I stood then in the saloon of the Commendatore Liszt! Abbé and Commander! The correct employment of the domestic titles rendered the first interview much more easy than it otherwise would have been. I was by no means so inquisitorial in my survey as to be able to give a Walter Scott-like description of Liszt's saloon. Darkness, moreover, prevailed in the large apartment, as, according to Italian usage and necessity, the window-shutters were closed against the rays of the morning sun. I was attracted by the album-table in the middle of the apartment, more than ought else. Upon it lay chiefly Italian works of a religious nature in votive bindings. That Liszt here, too, as Abbate, lives in the midst of creative spirits is proved by these dedicatory offerings.

"The door was opened, and the well-known artistic figure advanced in a friendly manner towards me. That the skilful fingers of the great pianist pressed the hand of me, a simple writer, is a fact which, for the completeness of my narrative, must not remain unmentioned. The first and most immediate impression produced on me by Liszt's appearance was that of surprising youthfulness. Even the unmistakably grizzled, though still thick, long-flowing hair, which the scissors of the tonsure have not dared to touch, detracts but little from the heart-entrancing charm of his unusual individuality. Of fretfulness, satiety, monkish abnegation, and so on, there is not a trace to be detected in the feature of Liszt's interesting and characteristic head. And just as little as we find Liszt in a monk's cell do we find him in a monk's cowl. The black soutane sits scarcely less elegantly on him than, in its time, the dress-coat. Those who look upon Liszt as a riddle

will most decidedly not find the solution of it in his outward appearance.

"After interchanging a few words of greeting, we proceeded to the work-room. After compelling me to take an armchair, Liszt seated himself at the large writing-table, apologising to me by stating that he had a letter to despatch in a hurry. Upon this, too, lay a great many things nearly all pertaining more to the Abbé than the artist. But neatly written sheets of music showed that musical production formed part of the master's daily occupations. The comfortable room bore generally the unmistakable stamp of a room for study, of an artist's workshop. The letter and the address were quickly finished, and handed to the attendant to seal and transmit. I mentioned the report connecting his approaching journey with the grand festival of joy and peace, the Coronation in Hungary. The popular maestro took this opportunity of giving me a detailed history of his Coronation Mass. He said that in the Prince-Primate Scitovsky he had possessed a most kind patron. In course of a joyous repast, as on many other occasions, the Prelate had given lively and hopeful utterance to the wish of his heart that he might yet be able to place the crown upon the head of his beloved king, and at the same time he called upon Liszt, in an unusually flattering and cordial manner, to compose the Coronation Mass, but it must be short, very short, as the entire ceremony would take about six hours. Liszt was unable to resist this amiable request, he said, and, drinking a glass of fiery Tokay, gave a promise that he would endeavour to produce some 'Essence of Tokay.' After his return to Rome, he immediately set about the sketch. But the prospect of the desired agreement between the Emperor and the Hungarians had, meanwhile, become overcast, and his work remained as a mere sketch. Some months ago, however, he was pressed by his Hungarian friends to proceed, and so he finished the Mass. It was a question whether it would be performed on the day of the Coronation, since there was a condition that the monarch should bring his own orchestra with him. Liszt said that he was perfectly neutral, and in no way wished to run counter to the just ambition of others; for, however the Abbé might be decried as ambitious, he added with a smile, he was not so after all.

"In course of this open-hearted statement, Liszt touched upon his relations to the present Prince-Primate of Hungary, and let fall a remark which is the more interesting because it throws a light upon his position in and towards Rome. The Abbé-Maestro said then that he had entered on a correspondence regarding his retirement from the diocese of the Prince of the Church who had in the interim been raised to the dignity of Primate, and had every reason to believe that he enjoyed the Prelate's favour. He needed, however, a special letter of dismissal in order to be received into the personal lists of the Roman clergy; to this, Liszt remarked, parenthetically, were limited all his clerical qualities.

"I do not know more exactly what rights and duties are connected with the insertion of his name in the catalogue of the Romish clergy, though it appears that the nexus into which Liszt has entered towards the clerical world is rather an outward than a deep and inward one.

"The cigar, which did not look, between the lips of the great musician, as if it had been treated with particular gentleness or care, had gone out. Liszt got up to reach the matches. While he was again lighting the narcotic weed, he directed my attention to the pretty statuette of St. Elizabeth, which had attracted my gaze when I entered the room. It represents the kind-hearted Landgravine at the moment the miracle of roses is taking place. It required no great power of combination to connect this graceful form, as an ovalation gift, with Liszt's oratorio of *St. Elizabeth*. The popular master named the German hand which had fashioned the marble and offered it to him. He was thus led to speak of his oratorio, and of the Wartburg Festival, for which it was originally intended, and at which it was given, but not until after Hungary had enjoyed the first performance. He spoke also of what he had done at the Grand Ducal Court. I was peculiarly touched by his reminiscences, how he had entered the service

of a German prince, how he had 'knocked about' for several years at Weimar, 'without doing anything worth naming,' how his Prince had respected and distinguished him, and had probably never suspected that a permanent sojourn could result from Liszt's trip to Rome.

"Here, where he moved in only a small circle—said Liszt, with marked emphasis, and again referring to the importance Rome possessed for him—here he found the long-desired leisure for work. His *Elizabeth*, he said, had here sprung into existence, and also his oratorio of *Petrus*. He had, moreover, he remarked, notions which it would take him three years of thorough hard work to carry out.

"He certainly knew, the Abbé-Maestro continued, referring to his art-gospel, that here and there things which in other places had met with some response had been hissed, but he had no more hope for applause than he feared censure. He followed, he said, the path he considered the right one and could say that he had consistently pursued the direction he had once taken. The only rule he adopted in the production of his works, as far as he had full power, was that of not compromising his friends or of exposing them to the disfavour of the public. Solely for this reason he had thought it incumbent on him, for instance, to refuse to send a highly esteemed colleague the score of his *Elizabeth*, in spite of two applications.

"I expressed to my friendly host my delight at his good health and vigour, prognosticating a long continuance of fruitful activity. 'Oh! yes, I am quite satisfied with my state of health,' answered the master, 'though my legs will no longer render me their old service.' At the same time, in an access of boisterous merriment, he gave the upper part of his right thigh so hard a slap that I could not consider his regret particularly sincere.

"Another of my remarks was directed to the incomparable site of his abode, which alone might make a middling poet produce great epic or elegiac poetry. 'I live quietly and agreeably,' was the reply, 'both here and at Monte Mario, where there are a few rooms at my service with a splendid view over the city, the Tiber, and the hills,' and not to remain my debtor for the ocular proof of what he said, at least as far as regarded his town residence, he opened a window and gazed silently with me on the overpowering seriousness of the ruined site.

"The amiable maestro then conducted me rapidly through two smaller rooms, one of which was his simple bed chamber, to a wooden outhouse with a small window, through which were to be seen the Colosseum, in all its gigantic proportions, and the triumphal arch of Constantine close by, overtopped by Mount Coelius now silent.

"A splendid balcony might be erected here," observed Liszt, "but—the poor Franciscan monk has no money for such a purpose!"

"Having returned to his study, I thought the time had arrived for bringing my first visit to a termination. The thanks conveyed in my words on taking leave were warm and sincere. I carried with me out of that quiet dwelling the conviction that in Liszt the true artist far outweighs the virtuoso and the monk, and that only such persons as formerly snobbishly shook their heads because Winkelmann took service and found an asylum with a cardinal, can scoff, and make small jokes on Liszt's cell and monkish cowl."

B. W. H.

An American lady, who signs herself "B. W. H.," and wrote some reminiscences of the great musician at Weimar in 1877, calls her contribution "An hour passed with Liszt":—

"How much more some of us get than we deserve! A pleasure has come to us unsought. It came knocking at our door seeking entrance, and we simply did not turn it away. It happened in this fashion. A friend had been visiting Liszt in Weimar, and happened to mention us to the great master, who promised us a gracious reception should we ever appear there. To Weimar then we came, and the gracious reception we certainly had, to our satisfaction and lasting remembrance. After sending our cards, and receiving permission to present ourselves at an appointed and early hour, we drove to the small, cosy house occupied by Liszt when here, on

the outskirts of the garden of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and were ushered by his Italian valet into a comfortable, cosy, homelike apartment, where we sat awaiting the great man's appearance. Wide casements opened upon a stretch of lawn and noble old trees; easy chairs and writing-tables; MS. music, with the pen lying carelessly beside it; masses of music piled up on the floor, a row of books there, too; a grand piano and an upright one; a low dish of roses on the table; a carpet, which is not taken for granted here as with us—altogether the easy, friendly look of a cottage drawing-room at home, where people have a happy use of pleasant things.

"He entered the room after a few minutes, and greeted us with a charming amiability, for which we inwardly blessed the absent friend. Of course, everybody knows how he looks—tall, thin, with long white hair; a long black, robe-like coat, being an *abbé*; long, slight, sensitive hands; a manner used to courts, and a smile and grace rare in a man approaching seventy. He spoke of Anna Mehlig, and of several young artists just beginning their career whom we personally know. Very graciously he mentioned Miss Cecilia Gaul, of Baltimore; spoke kindly of Miss Anna Bock, one of the youngest and most diligent of artists, and most forcibly perhaps of Hermann, like Anna Mehlig, a pupil in the Stuttgart Conservatory. 'There is something in the young man,' he said with emphasis. So he chatted in the most genial way of things great and small, as if he were not one of the world's geniuses, and we two little insignificant nobodies sitting before him, overcome with a consciousness of his greatness and our nothingness, yet quite happy and at ease, as every one must be who comes within the sphere of his gracious kindness. Suddenly he rose and went to his writing-table, and, with one of his long, sweet smiles, so attractive in a man of his age—but why shouldn't a man know how to smile long, sweet smiles, who has had innumerable thrilling romantic experiences with the sex that has always adored him?—he took a bunch of roses from a glass on his table, and brought it to us. Whether to kiss his hand or fall on our knees we did not quite know; but, America being less given than many lands to emotional demonstration, we smiled back with composure, and appeared, no doubt, as if we were accustomed from earliest youth to distinguished marks of favour from the world's great ones.

"But the truth is we were not. And these roses which stood on Liszt's writing table by his MS. music, presented by the hand that has made him amous, are already pressing, and will be kept among our *Fenates*, except one, perhaps, that will be distributed leaf by leaf to hero-worshipping friends, with date and appropriate inscriptions on the sheet where it rests. How amiable he was, indeed! The roses were much, but something was to come. The Meister played to us. For this we had not even dared to hope during our first visit. No one, of course, ever asks him to play, and whether he does or not depends wholly on his mood. It was beautiful to sit there close by him, the soft lawns and trees framed by the open casement making a background for the tall figure, the long peculiar hands wandering over the keys, the face full of intellect and power. And how he smiles as he plays! We fancied at first in our own simplicity that he was smiling at us, but later it seemed merely the music in his soul illumining his countenance. His whole face changes and gleams and grows majestic, revealing the master spirit as his hands caress while they master the keys. With harrowing experiences of the difficulty of Liszt's compositions, we anticipated, as he began, something that would thunder and crash and teach us what pigmies we were; but as an exquisitely soft melody filled the room, and tones came like whispers to our hearts, and a theme drawn with a tender, magical touch brought pictures and dreams of the past before us, we actually forgot where we were, forgot that the white-haired man was the famous Liszt, forgot to speak as the last faint chord died away, and sat in utter silence, quite lost to our surroundings, with unseeing eyes gazing out through the casement.

"At last he rose, took our hands kindly, and said, 'That is how I play when I am suffering from a cold as at present.' We asked if he had been im-

provising, or if what he played were already printed. 'It was only a little nocturne,' he said. 'It sounded like a sweet remembrance.' And was that, he replied cordially. Then fearing to disturb him too long, and feeling we had been crowned with favours, we made our adieux, receiving a kind invitation to come the following day and hear the young artists who cluster around him here, some of whom he informed us played '*famos*.' And after we had left him he followed us out to the stairway to repeat his invitation and say another gracious word or two. And we went off to drive through Weimar, and only half observed its pleasant, homely streets, its flat, uninteresting, yet friendly aspect, its really charming park—so *Lisztified* we were, as a friend calls our state of mind. The place has, indeed, little to charm the stranger now, except the memories of Goethe and Schiller, and all the famous literary stars who once made it glorious and the presence of Liszt."

The lives of musicians are, in general, so devoid of extraordinary incident, that the relation of them is calculated more to instruct than amuse. That of Liszt, however, was an exception to the rule. His adventures seemed to have been so many and so various, as almost to encourage a belief that in describing them his literary admirers often used the pen of romance.

The last letter that Liszt indited with his own pen is addressed to Frau Sophie Menter, and is dated Bayreuth, July 3, 1886. What proved to be almost a deathbed epistle runs as follows:—

"To-morrow, after the religious marriage of my granddaughter Daniela von Bülow to Professor Henry Thode (art-historian), I betake myself to my excellent friends the Munkacsys, Château Colpack, Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. On the 20th July I shall be back here again for the first 7-8 performances of the *Festspiel*: then, alas! I must put myself under the, to me, very disagreeable cure at Kissingen, and in September an operation to the eyes is impending for me with Gräfe at Halle. For a month past I have been quite unable to read, and almost unable to write, with much labour, a couple of lines. Two secretaries kindly help me by reading to me and writing letters at my dictation. How delightful it would be to me, dear friend, to visit you at your fairy castle at Itter! But I do not see any opportunity of doing so at present. Perhaps you will come to Bayreuth, where, from July 20th to the 7th August, will be staying your sincere friend F. LISZT."

The master was spared the infliction of the cure he dreaded at Kissingen, and Frau Menter did not meet him at Bayreuth, for on July 31st Liszt died, what to him must have been a pleasant death, immediately after witnessing the greatest work of the poet-composer whom he had done so much to befriend—Richard Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*.

It now seems more than likely that the autumn musical season in London will not commence until after the Birmingham Festival. Dr. Richter's orchestral concerts will begin at St. James's Hall on October 8th. Two days later Mr. Franz Rummel, the well-known pianist, who has now resolved to permanently settle in this country, will commence a series of recitals. In mid-October the thirty-ninth annual series of Crystal Palace Concerts will start; on October 22nd M. Johannes Wolff will resume his Musical Union concerts; and the end of the month, or thereabouts, will see the resumption of the Monday Popular, Royal Choral, Ballad, and other concerts. It appears, indeed, that there will be two series of Ballad Concerts this winter, one under the direction of Messrs. Boosey & Co. at Queen's Hall, and the other under the management of Mr. William Boosey at St. James's Hall.

Pianos for School Teachers.

It was a smart man who thought first of the Civil Service Stores, but it is safe to say he was no smarter than the man who saw the opening for a special line of business amongst the members of the scholastic profession. That man was Mr. S. Cresswell, of the firm of Messrs. Cresswell & Ball; and our representative had recently an opportunity of interviewing him. He writes:—Messrs. Cresswell & Ball's showrooms are situated in Lebanon Gardens, (No. 48), West Hill, Wandsworth. When I called there Mr. Cresswell was engaged, and pending his arrival I played upon several of the large stock of pianos, harmoniums, and American organs. I found instruments by all makers:—Bechstein, Broadwood, Collard, Carpenter, and Bell, and so on; and besides new ones there were some that obviously were not new, and some that were not far off, but (it would seem) had been out on hire. When Mr. Cresswell entered, I just questioned him on that point.

"Oh! yes," he said, "you'll find new and old here. I frequently take an old one in part-exchange for a new, and (but don't tell any one) I don't always make a profit by doing it. Still, if it obliges a customer, I don't mind, for it pays in the end."

"Your principal business lies, I believe, amongst teachers?"

"It certainly does. You see, it isn't every one who knows the kind of piano that is best suited for school use. I have had considerable experience in that way, and take advantage to select instruments best adapted to the purpose."

"But," I interposed, "you don't only sell school pianos?"

"Certainly not. We have our show-rooms here, and any one can enter an instrument who wants one. But every firm has its speciality, and ours is pianos for school teachers. I myself know what they want, and the secret, I may say, of the immense business that has grown up since we commenced some sixteen years ago, is that the teachers know me and know that I am acquainted with their needs."

"You sell, I see, many makers' instruments?"

"Yes," said Mr. Cresswell, playing a few chords on a beautiful flute-toned piano; "this is one of our own. Then this is a Bechstein with organ attachment; this a Broadwood pianette; this is a Brinsmead—we sell a large number of Brinsmeads," and so he went over several that were in the room.

"Do you take any special measures to bring school teachers to you?" I asked.

"No, I cannot say we do. We advertise, of course, in the scholastic papers, and exhibit our instruments to the conferences, and so forth; but the principal thing relied on is the masters who have already dealt here: they always come back again."

When our representative left, he was bound to own that Mr. Cresswell's insight had opened out a new thing. So far from the wholesale dealers having reason to be jealous, they should be the reverse; for the school teachers know him and trust his judgment, and through him doubtless buy a large number of pianos and organs that but for him would never be bought at all.

The Coach Horn.

YOU may have a tutor for everything nowadays, from the trombone to the jew's-harp. The latest novelty in that line is *A Tutor for the Coach Horn*, by Mr. Arthur H. Smith, "solo cornet, promenade concerts" (Alfred Hays). The coach horn seems to be an excellent instrument to learn—from your neighbour's point of view. According to the author, you should never practise it for more than ten minutes at a time, which is not long enough for the average neighbour to work into a passion. Your own patience may not be exhausted in that time, but the nerves of your lips will be tired with the "pressure." Mr. Smith does not mention it, but in this respect the coach horn and kissing seem to coincide. And there are apparently other points of agreement. "The lips," we read, "should be gently and naturally closed, and a slightly smiling expression assumed." That is just the way we like it; and we entirely agree that "to puff the cheeks is wrong and absolutely unnecessary." But let us be serious.

The growing popularity of coaching makes a fitting opportunity for a "small but sufficient" tutor for the followers of this essentially English pastime. A work of the kind has long been wanted, and Mr. Smith's little book is in every way suitable for its purpose. We should like to copy every one of his recognised coach-horn "calls," but the following may be taken as specimens:—

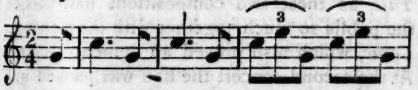
Clear the road.



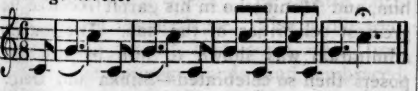
Slacken pace.



Pull up.



Change horses.



Coach horns, our author tells us, were until quite recently always made of copper; now, however, copper horns are the exception, most of the coaches leaving London carrying brass or silver-plated horns. There are good reasons for the change. As the fashion for longer horns gained ground, the copper ones were soon found to be too heavy, and the tone became more like that of a bugle than of a horn. A brass horn of say 48 inches in length can be handled with ease; a copper one of 36 inches is as much as one can manage. The longer the horn the easier it is to blow, and more can be played on it. But Mr. Smith recommends a 48-inch horn in preference to one of 54 inches, as it is exceedingly difficult to hold the latter instrument steadily on the lips with one hand, on anything but a very level road. He also advises the purchase of horns with detachable mouth-pieces, as when not in use the mouth-piece can be removed, and kept for the owner's use only. This seems to be a sensible bit of advice. It is

certainly not pleasant to have a mouth-piece used by any one who, seeing it in the instrument, feels inclined to "set about blowing."

Biographical Sketch of Moninszko.



BY O. SKIBINSKA.

IN the fifteenth century arrived in Poland from Rome two knights of the name of Moneo, who, having taken an active part in the wars of the country, soon got honourably known. As a reward, naturalization, a coat of arms, and the name Moninszko were bestowed on them. These first Moninszkos in our country settled in the district of Podlasie, whence, in the middle of the seventeenth century, one of their descendants went to Lithonia, and acquired, through honest and assiduous work, a large fortune, also a leading position as a citizen, and the post of judge. He settled there in the Government of Minsk, county of Thuminsk, on an estate named Smitowicz, which he purchased from the Prince Oginski. The judge Moninszko was one of those typical, already legendary, personalities, and was celebrated in the whole of Lithonia for the rare qualities of his mind and his heart. He had several sons, and he brought them up as honourable citizens, useful to their country. One of his sons, Dominic, besides deep learning, possessed so tender a heart for the poverty of the peasantry living on his estate, that, to amend their lot, he distributed among them all his property, keeping only as much for himself as he needed to satisfy the mere necessities of life. Dominic's younger brother, Czeslaw, gifted by nature with a great talent for painting, did not devote himself to art, but to agriculture. However, in his soul he was always an artist, with such a love of painting that he collected from all parts and purchased pictures of an exceptional value. He also spent much time with his pencil, and though he was only self-taught, made very successful sketches, and left a rich collection of them. His love of art, his picture-collecting, his life among artistic

surroundings, and also his good heart and too excessive trust in others, swallowed much money, and at last led to the loss of his fortune, which affected very sadly the only son of Czeslaw, and our great composer Stanislaw Moninszko.

Moninszko, son of Czeslaw and of Elisabeth née Madzarska, was born in the village of Ubielo in Lithonia, on the 5th of May, 1819. A few days after his birth a strange thing happened. It was lovely, warm, spring weather and in the room where the child was lying a window was opened, through which shortly afterwards a nightingale flew in. Placing itself on the cradle of the little Stas, it began to sing the most wonderful melodies. This prophecy of the future career of the child, this nightingale greeting the infant with the wonders of his songs—is it not like a legend? Yet persons most nearly related to the family of Moninszko testify to its truth. Others say it was a swallow that flew into the room by the open window, and made long circles around the cradle of Stas, over which it later on built a nest. Nightingale or swallow, no matter; yet it is certain that a winged guest visited the sleeping baby, who in time grew to be the creator of Polish opera.

Stas made his first studies at home, helped by the governor, Jacob Tagietto. The rudiments of music were taught him by his mother. The mind, the heart, and the imagination of Stas began very soon to develop. Even as a child he knew by heart and loved the historical songs by Miencewicz. His favourite amusement in childhood was amateur theatricals, played often in the house of his parents and of his uncles. The whole family of Moninszko remained in very good, almost patriarchal, relations with the peasantry, who on every joyous or sad occasion went to the manor house. In this way Stas, surrounded almost from his cradle with the native element, often at different ceremonies listened with delight to the songs of the people. Already he was influenced by their rhythm and spirit, and all his later compositions are tinged with their simplicity and their national character.

In the neighbourhood of Ubielo was Smitowicz, with the old palace of the Princes Oginski, around which floated legends of ghosts and terrors. Stas often visited his uncle in Smitowicz. The old palace and strange stories about it awoke his curiosity; and the old clock with (*Rurants*) chimes remained so well in his memory that several years later it resounded in one of his most charming operas—*The Haunted Castle*. The childhood of Moninszko passed in happy and favourable circumstances for his poetical and dreamy nature. He grew in the midst of fables and popular songs, and of nature, of which he was an adorer all his life. But the first years of study and freedom soon passed, and in 1827 Mr. and Mrs. Czeslaw, to further the education of their only son, changed their residence to Warsaw, where they first lived at Zolibore, and afterwards in Cracow suburb, in the house of Staszic. Here Stas began to study, under the direction of five teachers, who were to prepare him privately for the school of the "Pijary." The music lessons were entrusted to August Freyer; but, it is strange to say, Moninszko in his childhood did not betray any talent, any high disposition for music. He played diligently, and had a good ear; but the hand was too small, and seemed not to have been created for the piano. Therefore the parents did not attach any special importance to his musical studies. They endeavoured to develop the mind of Stas more generally. This suited very well his residence in Warsaw, where he made acquaintance with

the outskirts of the garden of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and were ushered by his Italian valet into a comfortable, cosy, homelike apartment, where we sat awaiting the great man's appearance. Wide casements opened upon a stretch of lawn and noble old trees; easy chairs and writing-tables; MS. music, with the pen lying carelessly beside it; masses of music piled up on the floor, a row of books there, too; a grand piano and an upright one; a low dish of roses on the table; a carpet, which is not taken for granted here as with us—altogether the easy, friendly look of a cottage drawing-room at home, where people have a happy use of pleasant things.

"He entered the room after a few minutes, and greeted us with a charming amiability, for which we inwardly blessed the absent friend. Of course, everybody knows how he looks—tall, thin, with long white hair; a long black, robe-like coat, being an *abbé*; long, slight, sensitive hands; a manner used to courts, and a smile and grace rare in a man approaching seventy. He spoke of Anna Mehlig, and of several young artists just beginning their career whom we personally know. Very graciously he mentioned Miss Cecilia Gaul, of Baltimore; spoke kindly of Miss Anna Bock, one of the youngest and most diligent of artists, and most forcibly perhaps of Hermann, like Anna Mehlig, a pupil in the Stuttgart Conservatory. 'There is something in the young man,' he said with emphasis. So he chatted in the most genial way of things great and small, as if he were not one of the world's geniuses, and we two little insignificant nobodies sitting before him, overcome with a consciousness of his greatness and our nothingness, yet quite happy and at ease, as every one must be who comes within the sphere of his gracious kindness. Suddenly he rose and went to his writing-table, and, with one of his long, sweet smiles, so attractive in a man of his age—but why shouldn't a man know how to smile long, sweet smiles, who has had innumerable thrilling romantic experiences with the sex that has always adored him?—he took a bunch of roses from a glass on his table, and brought it to us. Whether to kiss his hand or fall on our knees we did not quite know; but, America being less given than many lands to emotional demonstration, we smiled back with composure, and appeared, no doubt, as if we were accustomed from earliest youth to distinguished marks of favour from the world's great ones.

"But the truth is we were not. And these roses which stood on Liszt's writing-table by his MS. music, presented by the hand that has made him amous, are already pressing, and will be kept among our *Penates*, except one, perhaps, that will be distributed leaf by leaf to hero-worshipping friends, with date and appropriate inscriptions on the sheet where it rests. How amiable he was, indeed! The roses were much, but something was to come. The Meister played to us. For this we had not even dared to hope during our first visit. No one, of course, ever asks him to play, and whether he does or not depends wholly on his mood. It was beautiful to sit there close by him, the soft lawns and trees framed by the open casement making a background for the tall figure, the long peculiar hands wandering over the keys, the face full of intellect and power. And how he smiles as he plays! We fancied at first in our own simplicity that he was smiling at us, but later it seemed merely the music in his soul illumining his countenance. His whole face changes and gleams and grows majestic, revealing the master spirit as his hands caress while they master the keys. With harrowing experiences of the difficulty of Liszt's compositions, we anticipated, as he began, something that would thunder and crash and teach us what pigmies we were; but as an exquisitely soft melody filled the room, and tones came like whispers to our hearts, and a theme drawn with a tender, magical touch brought pictures and dreams of the past before us, we actually forgot where we were, forgot that the white-haired man was the famous Liszt, forgot to speak as the last faint chord died away, and sat in utter silence, quite lost to our surroundings, with unseeing eyes gazing out through the casement.

"At last he rose, took our hands kindly, and said, 'That is how I play when I am suffering from a cold as at present.' We asked if he had been im-

provising, or if what he played were already printed. 'It was only a little nocturne,' he said. 'It sounded like a sweet remembrance.' And was that, he replied cordially. Then fearing to disturb him too long, and feeling we had been crowned with favours, we made our adieux, receiving a kind invitation to come the following day and hear the young artists who cluster around him here, some of whom he informed us played '*famos*.' And after we had left him he followed us out to the stairway to repeat his invitation and say another gracious word or two. And we went off to drive through Weimar, and only half observed its pleasant, homely streets, its flat, uninteresting, yet friendly aspect, its really charming park—so *Lisztified* we were, as a friend calls our state of mind. The place has, indeed, little to charm the stranger now, except the memories of Goethe and Schiller, and all the famous literary stars who once made it glorious and the presence of Liszt."

The lives of musicians are, in general, so devoid of extraordinary incident, that the relation of them is calculated more to instruct than amuse. That of Liszt, however, was an exception to the rule. His adventures seemed to have been so many and so various, as almost to encourage a belief that in describing them his literary admirers often used the pen of romance.

The last letter that Liszt indited with his own pen is addressed to Frau Sophie Menter, and is dated Bayreuth, July 3, 1886. What proved to be almost a deathbed epistle runs as follows:—

"To-morrow, after the religious marriage of my granddaughter Daniela von Bülow to Professor Henry Thode (art-historian), I betake myself to my excellent friends the Munkacsys, Château Colpack, Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. On the 20th July I shall be back here again for the first 7-8 performances of the *Festspiel*: then, alas! I must put myself under the, to me, very disagreeable cure at Kissingen, and in September an operation to the eyes is impending for me with Gräfe at Halle. For a month past I have been quite unable to read, and almost unable to write, with much labour, a couple of lines. Two secretaries kindly help me by reading to me and writing letters at my dictation. How delightful it would be to me, dear friend, to visit you at your fairy castle at Itter! But I do not see any opportunity of doing so at present. Perhaps you will come to Bayreuth, where, from July 20th to the 7th August, will be staying your sincere friend F. LISZT."

The master was spared the infliction of the cure he dreaded at Kissingen, and Frau Menter did not meet him at Bayreuth, for on July 31st Liszt died, what to him must have been a pleasant death, immediately after witnessing the greatest work of the poet-composer whom he had done so much to befriend—Richard Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*.

It now seems more than likely that the autumn musical season in London will not commence until after the Birmingham Festival. Dr. Richter's orchestral concerts will begin at St. James's Hall on October 8th. Two days later Mr. Franz Rummel, the well-known pianist, who has now resolved to permanently settle in this country, will commence a series of recitals. In mid-October the thirty-ninth annual series of Crystal Palace Concerts will start; on October 22nd M. Johannes Wolff will resume his Musical Union concerts; and the end of the month, or thereabouts, will see the resumption of the Monday Popular, Royal Choral, Ballad, and other concerts. It appears, indeed, that there will be two series of Ballad Concerts this winter, one under the direction of Messrs. Boosey & Co. at Queen's Hall, and the other under the management of Mr. William Boosey at St. James's Hall.

Pianos for School Teachers.

It was a smart man who thought first of the Civil Service Stores, but it is safe to say he was no smarter than the man who saw the opening for a special line of business amongst the members of the scholastic profession. That man was Mr. S. Cresswell, of the firm of Messrs. Cresswell & Ball; and our representative had recently an opportunity of interviewing him. He writes:—Messrs. Cresswell & Ball's showrooms are situated in Lebanon Gardens (No. 48), West Hill, Wandsworth. When I called there Mr. Cresswell was engaged, and pending his arrival I played upon several of the large stock of pianos, harmoniums, and American organs. I found instruments by all makers:—Bechstein, Broadwood, Collard, Carpenter, and Bell, and so on; and besides new ones there were some that obviously were not new, and some that were not far off, but (it would seem) had been out on hire. When Mr. Cresswell entered, I just questioned him on that point.

"Oh! yes," he said, "you'll find new and old here. I frequently take an old one in part exchange for a new, and (but don't tell any one) I don't always make a profit by doing it. Still, if it obliges a customer, I don't mind, for it pays in the end."

"Your principal business lies, I believe, amongst teachers?"

"It certainly does. You see, it isn't every one who knows the kind of piano that is best suited for school use. I have had considerable experience in that way, and take advantage to select instruments best adapted to the purpose."

"But," I interposed, "you don't only sell school pianos?"

"Certainly not. We have our show-rooms here, and any one can enter an instrument who wants one. But every firm has its speciality, and ours is pianos for school teachers. I myself know what they want, and the secret, I may say, of the immense business that has grown up since we commenced some sixteen years ago, is that the teachers know me and know that I am acquainted with their needs."

"You sell, I see, many makers' instruments."

"Yes," said Mr. Cresswell, playing a few chords on a beautiful fluty-toned piano; "this is one of our own. Then this is a Bechstein with organ attachment; this a Broadwood pianette; this is a Brinsmead—we sell a large number of Brinsmeads," and so he went over several that were in the room.

"Do you take any special measures to bring school teachers to you?" I asked.

"No, I cannot say we do. We advertise, of course, in the scholastic papers, and exhibit our instruments to the conferences, and so forth; but the principal thing relied on is the masters who have already dealt here: they always come back again."

When our representative left, he was bound to own that Mr. Cresswell's insight had opened out a new thing. So far from the wholesale dealers having reason to be jealous, they should be the reverse; for the school teachers know him and trust his judgment, and through him doubtless buy a large number of pianos and organs that but for him would never be bought at all.



The Coach Horn.

YOU may have a tutor for everything nowadays, from the trombone to the jew's-harp. The latest novelty in that line is *A Tutor for the Coach Horn*, by Mr. Arthur H. Smith, "solo cornet, promenade concerts" (Alfred Hays). The coach horn seems to be an excellent instrument to learn—from your neighbour's point of view. According to the author, you should never practise it for more than ten minutes at a time, which is not long enough for the average neighbour to work into a passion. Your own patience may not be exhausted in that time, but the nerves of your lips will be tired with the "pressure." Mr. Smith does not mention it, but in this respect the coach horn and kissing seem to coincide. And there are apparently other points of agreement. "The lips," we read, "should be gently and naturally closed, and a slightly smiling expression assumed." That is just the way we like it; and we entirely agree that "to puff the cheeks is wrong and absolutely unnecessary." But let us be serious.

The growing popularity of coaching makes a fitting opportunity for a "small but sufficient" tutor for the followers of this essentially English pastime. A work of the kind has long been wanted, and Mr. Smith's little book is in every way suitable for its purpose. We should like to copy every one of his recognised coach-horn "calls," but the following may be taken as specimens:—

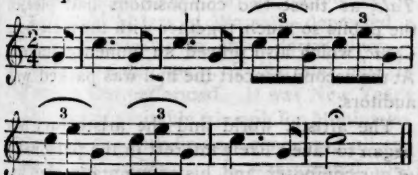
Clear the road.



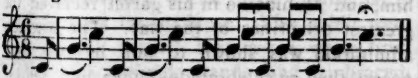
Slacken pace.



Pull up.



Change horses.



Coach horns, our author tells us, were until quite recently always made of copper; now, however, copper horns are the exception, most of the coaches leaving London carrying brass or silver-plated horns. There are good reasons for the change. As the fashion for longer horns gained ground, the copper ones were soon found to be too heavy, and the tone became more like that of a bugle than of a horn. A brass horn of say 48 inches in length can be handled with ease; a copper one of 36 inches is as much as one can manage. The longer the horn the easier it is to blow, and more can be played on it. But Mr. Smith recommends a 48-inch horn in preference to one of 54 inches, as it is exceedingly difficult to hold the latter instrument steadily on the lips with one hand, on anything but a very level road. He also advises the purchase of horns with detachable mouth-pieces, as when not in use the mouth-piece can be removed, and kept for the owner's use only. This seems to be a sensible bit of advice. It is

certainly not pleasant to have a mouth-piece used by any one who, seeing it in the instrument, feels inclined to "set about blowing."

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IN the fifteenth century arrived in Poland from Rome two knights of the name of Moneo, who, having taken an active part in the wars of the country, soon got honourably known. As a reward, naturalization, a coat of arms, and the name Moninszko were bestowed on them. These first Moninszkos in our country settled in the district of Podlasie, whence, in the middle of the seventeenth century, one of their descendants went to Lithonia, and acquired, through honest and assiduous work, a large fortune, also a leading position as a citizen, and the post of judge. He settled there in the Government of Minsk, county of Thuminsk, on an estate named Smitowicze, which he purchased from the Prince Oginski. The judge Moninszko was one of those typical, already legendary, personalities, and was celebrated in the whole of Lithonia for the rare qualities of his mind and his heart. He had several sons, and he brought them up as honourable citizens, useful to their country. One of his sons, Dominic, besides deep learning, possessed so tender a heart for the poverty of the peasantry living on his estate, that, to amend their lot, he distributed among them all his property, keeping only as much for himself as he needed to satisfy the mere necessities of life. Dominic's younger brother, Czeslaw, gifted by nature with a great talent for painting, did not devote himself to art, but to agriculture. However, in his soul he was always an artist, with such a love of painting that he collected from all parts and purchased pictures of an exceptional value. He also spent much time with his pencil, and though he was only self-taught, made very successful sketches, and left a rich collection of them. His love of art, his picture-collecting, his life among artistic

surroundings, and also his good heart and too excessive trust in others, swallowed much money, and at last led to the loss of his fortune, which affected very sadly the only son of Czeslaw, and our great composer Stanislaw Moninszko.

Moninszko, son of Czeslaw and of Elisabeth née Madzarska, was born in the village of Ubielo in Lithonia, on the 5th of May, 1819. A few days after his birth a strange thing happened. It was lovely, warm, spring weather and in the room where the child was lying a window was opened, through which shortly afterwards a nightingale flew in. Placing itself on the cradle of the little Stas, it began to sing the most wonderful melodies. This prophecy of the future career of the child, this nightingale greeting the infant with the wonders of his songs—is it not like a legend? Yet persons most nearly related to the family of Moninszko testify to its truth. Others say it was a swallow that flew into the room by the open window, and made long circles around the cradle of Stas, over which it later on built a nest. Nightingale or swallow, no matter; yet it is certain that a winged guest visited the sleeping baby, who in time grew to be the creator of Polish opera.

Stas made his first studies at home, helped by the governor, Jacob Tagietto. The rudiments of music were taught him by his mother. The mind, the heart, and the imagination of Stas began very soon to develop. Even as a child he knew by heart and loved the historical songs by Mieniewicz. His favourite amusement in childhood was amateur theatricals, played often in the house of his parents and of his uncles. The whole family of Moninszko remained in very good, almost patriarchal, relations with the peasantry, who on every joyous or sad occasion went to the manor house. In this way Stas, surrounded almost from his cradle with the native element, often at different ceremonies listened with delight to the songs of the people. Already he was influenced by their rhythm and spirit, and all his later compositions are tinged with their simplicity and their national character.

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many artists and literary men, amongst whom the most frequent visitors were Joachim Lelewel, the celebrated historian, and Julian Korsak, the gifted young poet. After a few years of study the youthful Stas passed his examination for the fourth class of the "Pijary." But a change in the family's pecuniary position at this time prevented a longer stay in Warsaw. The parents of Stas were obliged to settle in Minsk, and they sent him there to school. At school Stas was always serious and peaceful; his comrades called him "the little gentleman." He studied well; he liked books, and willingly purchased them, though he was economical in other respects. He studied music assiduously at Minsk, and here his talent began to develop, though he had only a very mediocre master, Dominic Stefanowicz. With the awakening of his general talent a greater love for music awoke, and when, after finishing his sixth class in 1834, his father wished him to enter the Civil Service, Stanislaus unconditionally refused, and expressed a wish to enter the artistic career. Yet before deciding finally he remained a certain time in the house of his parents, as his health, weakened by his studies, required a longer rest. Having left the school, not encumbered by any duties at home, he could read, play, dream. And probably it was then he first tried his composer's powers, though he did not betray this to any one, being modest, and exacting much of himself. Shortly after leaving school, at seventeen years of age, he made an excursion to Vilna, with one of his uncles. There he made acquaintance and fell in love with Alexandre Müller. It was his first and last love, full of charm and poetry, and the more delightful as being in an eminent degree reciprocal. But Stanislaus was still very young, and youth often is changeable and unconcerned. Bearing this in view, the parents of Miss Müller proposed that only after a three years' test of the feeling and the love of the youth would they give him their daughter.

This condition was not oppressive to Stanislaus, who regarded life with a seriousness far beyond his years. He saw clearly that he must first acquire a position before he could form a union with his beloved. Feeling predisposed only towards artistic life, he went in 1837 for study to Berlin, where Professor Rungenhagen, having considered his talent, assiduity, and worth of character, shortly after included him amongst his favourite pupils, and allowed him to conduct the choirs. After three years' stay in Berlin, having terminated his studies in music gloriously, he returned to his native land, and in 1840 married Miss Müller. Loving and having gained her affection, he would have felt quite happy but for the cares of life. Not possessing any fortune, and having married for love alone, he was obliged immediately after his marriage to work hard for his daily bread. Having nothing better to choose, he settled in Vilna, and accepted the post of organist in the church of St. John. He at the same time gave music lessons, at very slender fees, for people could not as yet appreciate his musical talent or education, and his modesty was such that he had no tongue to sound a syllable of his own praises. In his hours of leisure from the organ and tuition, he played much, and began to create and to show his compositions to the world. He now wrote two operettas, *Ideal* and *Lotery*. *Carmaniol* was written in 1841, and afterwards *New Don Quixote*, *A Night in the Apennines*, *Yellow Night Cap*, *Wonderful Water*, and *Pastorale*. Of these works, only *Lotery* was later on produced on the stage in Warsaw; the others did not live to be performed. In 1842 our young composer, to enlarge his musical experience, went to St. Petersburg; but this

journey did not bring him any advantage. Moninszko possessed great creative talent, but he had nothing of that cunning diplomacy or self-advertisement by which some men succeed. On the contrary, his modesty reached even to shyness, so that the artistic career was for him a "way of the cross" in reality. During all his life he struggled against indigence, and often he encountered envy, though he was exceedingly polite, useful, and good to all. His appearance was the reverse of commonplace, and his general intelligence was distinguished. He was of medium height, with a large head, a broad and high forehead, fair hair, and extremely expressive blue eyes, though he was short-sighted. The palms of his hands were large, and his fingers somewhat short and thick. In society he was very fascinating, his conversation being always marked by kindness, simplicity, and wit, free from all shadow of malice. His nature, indeed, was deep and hidden, yet very sincere and noble. He did not understand such things as deceit and falsehood, nor could he endure them in others. He disliked etiquette, ceremony, and affectation. He was very religious and devout. He went daily to church, and often to confession; but he made no parade of this, and he was the very opposite to a fanatic. He rose at five in the morning, went to church, and then worked. Almost all his compositions were written in the early hours of the day. He liked to smoke good cigars whilst he was writing, yet was obliged to enjoy them only as a rare luxury. He admired flowers and artistic furniture, and any beautiful things attracted him. He had a rich imagination and a tender heart full of feeling, as well as being sensitive to the highest degree. He loved the arts and respected artists. Of all poets he most worshipped Mikiéwicz.

With classical music he was intimately acquainted. He preferred Haydn to Beethoven; he adored Chopin fanatically; Meyerbeer was no favourite of his, though he was enchanted by Mendelssohn, and highly respected Schubert. He called Liszt a conjuror. He took an intense interest in painting and poetry, being himself possessed of extraordinary talent for writing prose and verse. In his childhood he even penned little comedies, but only showed them to his companions, and then tore them up. In after life he never wished to use his literary powers. His home in Vilna was open to all alike. He preferred, however, to surround himself with youth. All musicians from far and near were welcome, and young talent found in him help and encouragement. He arranged concerts for different charities, and later on organized at Vilna the Musical Society of St. Cecilia. It was a happy and important accident for Moninszko that the singer Bonoldi settled in Vilna. In this Italian baritone lay a great opportunity for the composer. Having within his reach a good executant, Moninszko began to trace on paper, with enthusiasm inexhaustible, treasures of melody which had long since stirred within his soul, and which needed only encouragement and stimulus to be poured forth and crystallized in songs: things so tender, touching, popular, and national as "Chochlik" (*Diablotin*), "Naiade," "Tears," and many others. One may certainly say that Moninszko created the Polish *salon*-songs, and giving us as he did a whole series of voicemelodies, he vanquished and drove into retreats the French and Italian songs which were before the rage of our own *salons*. But no one can imagine how many difficulties, sorrows, toils, Moninszko suffered for the sake of art, and in the attempt to obtain recognition. At first no attention was given to his powerful talent, and when in distant parts of Lithuania his songs were already asserting their enchantments, Vilna still did not believe that the man

who played its Sunday organ would prove a great composer. But the organ assured him of his daily bread, and if he left this he might possibly starve. Meanwhile, not being able to find a publisher for his songs, he began to publish them himself, under the name of *Home Songs*, in volumes and by subscription, which brought him little profit.

In 1847, having written *Halka*, he wished to get it put on the stage in Warsaw, and with this object went there. But his endeavours were unsuccessful, as Moninszko was hitherto unknown there, and having no means of public advertising, could not have attracted any attention to his opera. It was as difficult to get a footing on the stage as it had been to find a publisher—a circumstance which seriously depressed the creative power of Moninszko. In fits of discouragement the pen often dropped out of his hand; yet as a rule he quickly regained confidence. Notwithstanding exasperating obstacles, he was enabled to expand his wings for flight, and to soar high upon the inspiration of song.

At last arrived the moment of fame and solid reputation for Moninszko. In 1849 he decided to arrange a concert in St. Petersburg, and appear there with his glorious cantata *Milda* and the charming overture *The Winter's Tale*. It was not easy for him, as at first he lacked money for the journey, and it was only after pawning his favourite piano that he could leave Vilna. Having arrived at St. Petersburg in company of Bonoldi, he took up his abode in a miserable garret, and began instantly to arrange the concert. His success seemed doubtful, as in this capital also Moninszko had neither acquaintance nor patron. But when during the first rehearsal, after the opening portions of "*Milda*," the orchestra burst into enthusiastic applause, an unusual hope enlivened the heart of Moninszko, nor did it deceive him. The concert was brilliant, and the audience charmed and enchanted. The platform was a mass of flowers, and the applause simply frantic. In a few days he arranged a second concert, giving at this one also *Milda* and *Winter's Tale*, as these two compositions had pleased the public so much, together with the melodious *Cosac*, which also proved an immense success. At the second concert the hall was packed with auditors.

The artistic world and the aristocracy now began to take a lively interest in the personality of our composer, and his acquaintanceship was coveted. Invitations and visits poured in upon him, and Moninszko in his garret received the greatest celebrities of the day. The warmest admiration was shown to him by two composers then so celebrated—Slinka and Dargomyzski. Having obtained such a brilliant reception at St. Petersburg, Moninszko on his return had no difficulty in finding a publisher.

Lawadzki in Wilno, and later on Friedlein in Warsaw, began to buy and to publish his compositions, paying him absurdly low prices. Neither at the beginning of his fame, nor at any period of his life, did Moninszko understand how to drive a bargain. He was too delicate in commercial matters, and publishers therefore took pitiless advantage of him. The most he received was 15 roubles for one sheet of a song, and giving the eternal copyright to the publisher, without any stipulation as to the number of editions. It may be that he thought very little of his compositions, seeing that he created the songs so easily. He composed much and hurriedly. Seldom, and only in works of great length, did he use the piano, upon which he sketched out softly in sound what his head and his heart dreamt. In smaller compositions he had usually the whole

melody ready in thought and memory, simply having to sit down and write away as fast as his pen could travel.

With everybody in this world he dealt without ceremony to such a degree that once, living in Warsaw, when he was busy with an important composition, and a street organ began to play under his window, Moninszko reproached the household, who wished to send away the grinder, and gave him permission to continue his horrible performance, protesting that it did not in the least interrupt him. In home life Moninszko commended himself by an exceedingly pleasant humour, and he was so exquisitely considerate that, in order not to offend the ears of others, he walked almost always on tiptoe. He was never irritated, and it was the greatest sign of his anger, if he called at any time—exclaimed to any one—"You onion!" To his wife he was always an ideal husband, kind and loving. He liked society, and he understood how to develop an interesting conversation with anybody. In moments of serious grief he would take solitary walks out of town.

The surroundings of Vilna are charming and rich in picturesque scenery, which enchanted Moninszko, and caused him often to say, "With such a view of this before one's eyes it is hard not to be a Lithonianian. And he was, with all his soul, a Lithonianian. He loved everything national, often sacrificing himself, and showing great tenderness, to the misery of his fellows; though as to his own troubles, he was so accustomed to them that he did not pay them any attention. How often, being himself in need, he yet arranged concerts for other poor artists arriving or living in the place! At such concerts he always took an active part.

At one of these charitable concerts Moninszko conducted the orchestra, wearing one boot of leather and one of fur, for he was so rich that he did not possess two boots of a pair which were both good enough to wear.

Meanwhile, at the very time when Moninszko in Vilna had not wherewithal to satisfy his most urgent wants, there lay on the shelves of the theatrical library in Warsaw—deposited a few years previously in sheer forgetfulness—his most beautiful opera, *Halka*, and only in 1838 was it first performed. It was New Year's Day—a day of veritable triumph for Moninszko. *Halka* from the very first act conquered all the hearts of the audience. It was greeted with enthusiasm, with tears, with transports of joy, as the first national opera. The theatre fairly shook beneath the applause. The public were so powerfully moved that some wept from feeling, others shook hands and embraced, although strangers, and mutually congratulated one another on entering into possession of their own national opera. And truly it was worthy of joy and congratulations, for *Halka*, throughout national and popular, exquisite in form and beautiful in simplicity, combines originality of melody with superabundant richness of harmony. In instrumentation Moninszko used only necessary instruments, which gave to his works both power and simplicity of diction. He was very resolute in carrying out this canon of art, and in *Halka* he exhibited the utmost power of his genius. Genius! yes, but our criticism acknowledged in him only talent. He was never called genius, if only for this reason, that where the artist soars to heights unattainable by the multitude, our criticism, at once becomes economical in its praises, and prefers, on the other hand, to place laurels on the heads of mediocrity. Neither during his life, nor to this day, has he been justly appreciated by us, and there is nothing strange in

this. Criticism has seldom to deal with genius, and therefore cannot develop a faculty of appreciating it as such. Our so-called independent and unbiassed critic has his fancies and his favourites. He favours those who flatter his tastes as well as those who have the cunning to impose upon his mind with a false idea of their greatness. And Moninszko?—he paid homage only to art, did not understand how to impose, and abhorred *blague* and *reclame*. He felt the power of his talent, he was pained by every injustice in criticism, and, though he was a clever writer, yet he never took his own part, and when urged to do so would reply, "My field of battle lies in the five lines of music; if I do not conquer a position on them, so I do not wish to seek it on another field!" Be that as it may, the performance of *Halka* created a great epoch in the history of our opera, and, at the same time, in the life of Moninszko, to whom Warsaw offered just then the place of an operatic conductor. Moninszko then went abroad, and stayed a certain time in Paris, where he wrote in four days the opera *Flis* (Those who go on rafts with cargo down rivers).

In September, 1858, arriving at Warsaw, he began his conductorship. This honour was very bitter to Moninszko quite at the beginning, as it sentenced him to separation from Vilna, for which he unceasingly pined. Having brought to Warsaw his wife, seven children, and a devoted old servant, Agatha, he established himself opposite the church of the Bernardines in the Cracow suburb. Here, given entirely to work and duty, he isolated himself within the home circle. The Warsaw ways did not suit his taste, least of all his heart. In Vilna he had not much pleasure, but at least he was among his own people, while here he felt a stranger, and often in addition persecuted by unjust and jealous critics. And being extremely sensitive, often when he saw in a paper some mention of him or of his compositions, he first asked some well-wisher to read it, and only read it himself when he was assured that it did not contain anything insulting. In the contrary case he did not read it at all, as such attacks affected him too much.

In 1861 he went to Paris, wishing to produce one of his operas, but this did not succeed.

A few years after his settling in Warsaw he was appointed Professor of Harmony and Composition in the Musical Institute of Warsaw. Accepting this post, he filled it to the end of his life most conscientiously, though the duties involved many cares and disagreements. To aid the progress of his pupils he even wrote for them "A Treatise on the Study of Harmony." In truth he only consented to retain the post of Professor in the Institute because he believed that nobody else could have replaced him, and this not of arrogance, but out of philanthropy, knowing the treasures of his wisdom and his knowledge in things of art. All vanity was far remote from him. He received letters full of veneration and admiration from the greatest celebrities in Europe, yet no one knew of them, for Moninszko did not like to breathe a word about himself or his successes.

Before going to the theatre to conduct the orchestra he always locked himself up in his room and prayed. A call on to the stage or the platform always threw him into great embarrassment and apprehension.

As already said, he took great delight in young artists, and each year he arranged a concert for the poor students, paying all small expenses, such as cab fares, etc., in connection therewith, out of his own pocket.

He gave also annually his own benefit con-

cert, consisting chiefly of his compositions. Usually the public came in great numbers, but on the 5th November, 1871, so few attended Moninszko's concert that he lost heavily by the venture, which so distressed him that he decided never to give another concert in Warsaw. Different failures, disagreements, and intrigues had a bad effect on his health, and perhaps helped the effects of heart disease. He determined to leave the chair he occupied in the Institute of Music, for he was overburdened by work and sorrow, and, although he never complained, he steadily became sadder and more depressed. In his later days the death of his father caused him poignant pain, and another blow to him shortly afterwards was the death of his faithful servant Agatha. Not long after he also quitted this world's stage, dying suddenly from failure of the heart's action as he returned one morning from church, all medical aid being without avail. This happened on the 1st of June, 1872.

The body of Moninszko rests in the cemetery of Powazki, whither it was followed by unnumbered crowds of those who, notwithstanding that they did not fully grasp the greatness of his music, yet felt that they had lost a great master from their midst—one who had enriched the treasury of their national music with a wealth of melody.

Many works of Moninszko were lost in MS., many remained unfinished, owing to his sudden death; yet he bequeathed to us a world of music in every conceivable style. His religious music is very rich and valuable, as are his operas, such as *Halka*, *The Countess*, *Haunted Castle*, *Tawnuta*, *Flis*, *Beata*, *Paria*, and many others. He considered his best opera to be the *Paria*, though it did not succeed on the stage. His *Home Songs* are six in number, and besides these he left many detached airs and charming drawing-room songs, as well as the music to dramas and ballets. Of invaluable merit is the music to the *Sonets of Crimea*, by Mickiewicz, and the lyrical scenes to *The Spectres*, second part of this work likewise by Mickiewicz.

The Lancashire County Council Musical Scholarship.

THE Lancashire County Council, to encourage the cultivation of music, has recently offered a musical scholarship of the value of £60 a year for three years. A large number of candidates entered for the competition, the examiners being Professor Villiers Stanford, M.A., Mus. Doc., and Dr. Gladstone. The Council has awarded the scholarship for pianoforte playing to Miss Mary Hindley, of Eccles, a pupil of Mr. R. Fronde Coules, of Worsley.

AN error has been pointed out to us in our August issue in the numbering of the illustrations in Mr. H. St. George Gray's article No. V. of the "Ancient Musical Instruments" series—"The Sistrum." As will be seen on reading the descriptions of the three illustrations, the largest sistrum is Fig. 1, whilst the sistrum with four bars is Fig. 2, and the one with three bars is numbered correctly, viz.: Fig. 3.

A MEMORIAL to three eminent Scottish vocalists, John Wilson, John Templeton, and David Kennedy, is about to be placed in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard, Edinburgh. The idea was first suggested at a meeting of the Edinburgh Burns Club, and the design has been carried out by Mr. W. G. Stevenson, R.S.A. The likenesses are said by elderly members of the Club to be decidedly faithful portraits.

Some West Indian Idylls.

I. "LOVE'S LABOUR LOST."

WE were a small community, in a small island; but we had a garrison and a telephone. The seat of government was in our midst, and we gloried in the possession of Heaven's most magnificent creation—a Colonial Governor.

At the shrine of Sir Tinley Pott we dutifully worshipped, for to be of the Government House set meant social salvation. Woe to that he or she of shaky social status who sought not quickly entrance within the magic circle. And happy that same human entity if at length he might announce himself to have found salvation, by participation in the solemn sacrament of a Government House reception.

A truly great man must ever have his detractors, and our Sir Tinley was not without these thorns in the flesh to torment him. There was David McStinger, for example, who used to ask rude questions in the House of Assembly about such sordid matters as public money, and where it went to. Also Honest William Briggs, the timber merchant,—an able, though wicked, satellite of the perfidious McStinger. But see the wisdom of our great statesman! A contract for Government timber has converted Honest William into a peaceful and contented citizen. Portly Mrs. McStinger at length received the long-wished-for invitation, and passed the hallowed portals, (outside which she had wistfully stood, like a substantial Peri, during twenty years of married life,) into the paradise of Lady Pott's "at homes." She is now one of us, and the voice of David McStinger is no longer heard in the House. Lawyers' clerks and "gentlemen from the stores," whom she was formerly wont to entertain, are relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. Her tennis parties at Green's Valley are a recognised rendezvous of SOCIETY; and be the social function what it may, in any part of our beautiful island home, the McStinger buggy, with its fair burthen of marriageable daughters, is never wanting.

So much for Sir Tinley's statesmanship, but even a Colonial Governor is sometimes mortal, and His Excellency's mortality took, in this case, the form of a predisposition towards things musical. His first official act was to provide us with a band of dusky musicians, who brayed weekly—under an English conductor—in the Alexandra Park, and at Government House on Lady Pott's tennis days.

He was also known to the esoteric few as no indifferent performer on the soulful ocarina. As Mrs. McStinger was wont to observe in her quaint Doric manner (strange that we should once have thought it vulgar), "What a beautiful sicht it is tae see the great mon bringin' they grawnd notes oot o' sic a wee bit black thing as yon! And Leddy Poatt tae, sae jimp and sma' and boanny, playin' awa' till him at the piawny; it fair maks me dirl and greet wi' plesure."

A long succession of bibulous bandmasters wrought sore havoc with His Excellency's musical venture, but the bitterest grief of all was the resultant of the natural affinity existing between a rum bottle and a nigger bandsman. When supplies of the seductive fluid failed, and ways and means ran short, the guileless Ethiopian, impelled by the simple logic of his

race, was fain to pawn his instrument with the nearest Portuguese, and thus furnish the needful. These little eccentricities, combined with alcoholic vagaries on the occasion of every Fleet ball, or diplomatic visit of a French or Danish governor, led to the eventual dissolution of our band after a brief and inglorious career. The last of the bandmasters was hoisted by the steam crane to the deck of the homeward mail, and on recovering waking consciousness two days afterwards, found himself some 500 miles on his way to England.

His Excellency, though a little disconsolate at the failure of his cherished hobby, gave no outward or visible sign. He devoted himself cheerfully to his ocarina, and we were all glad to avoid further reference to an unpleasant episode.

All—did I say? I had forgotten Mrs. McStinger. That good lady, anxious to uphold her new position as a leader of society, and a consequent sharer in Their Excellencies' domestic joys and sorrows, professed to see in the *fiasco* a deep family affliction, with which it was her duty to show sympathy whenever occasion offered.

"Oh, Sir Chairles," she once remarked (having obtained possession of our Colonial Secretary for a few minutes), "is it no' lamentable that puir Sir Tenny's peace o' mind should be sae sair disturbit by the preference o' a wheen o' black bodies for the boattle? I've gie'n a' the consolation i' ma' powr; but when I see his puir loardship gaun wanderin' aboot the hoose wi' grief o' his face, and whiles gie'n a sorrowfu' tootle o' the bit black boxie, ma' hairt's jist wae for him."

True, we had lost our band; but in an enlightened community such as ours, musical enterprise could not for long lie dormant, and it was shortly to receive a fresh impetus in the person of the Reverend Bernard Slimmer, who had lately come among us from England, to the cure of souls at St. Blasius-the-Less. He was from the college of St. Gengulphus, Chesterham, where gentle youths are trained for their sacred calling, and despatched in consignments to colonial bishops for export use. He burned with zeal, if so gentle a nature could be said to burn; he was intensely loving and lovable; and, oh, he was so musical, with a sweet tenor voice that thrilled us through and through. Mrs. McStinger's verdict declared him to be "a fine douce young mon; an' if it wasna for the want o' the siller, he wad jist be a braw husband for oor Isabella, that's hame frae the boardin' schule in England, whaur me an' Dawvid paid fety pund a year for her, no coontin' the music and pentin' that was extry."

No "at home" or little dinner was complete without him; he was so useful in the drawing-room while the other gentlemen smoked the postprandial cigar. Modest to a fault, he might be pardoned having once murmured to a lady bulwark of our Church: "I hope I'm not a vain man, dear Miss Linden; but don't you think—now, don't you think really, that I am the most popular clergyman in the diocese?" Of course he was! When had choir practices been anything but an empty form until his advent? Who but he could have introduced sung responses among so faithful and grimly Protestant a congregation as ours? Without opposition (save from the three Misses Zachary, known to the rude officers of the garrison as Plague, Pestilence, and Famine, respectively) we actually began to sing the Psalms, and on the first Sunday of this new departure Mr. Slimmer overcame his natural diffidence so far as to allow us to perform his beautiful single chant in D:—

BERNARD SLIMMER.



Good Sir Tinley Pott sent to England for quite a number of anthems and services by that distinguished composer, Joshua Smier, which *The Church Chimes* assured us were "easy," "melodious," "popular," and "effective," which had run through eighty editions and had been performed at sixty-five choral festivals that year.

We marked our appreciation of the generous gift by choosing Psalm viii. verse 1 (Prayer-Book version) as the anthem for the following Sunday. Every one felt this to be most appropriate, especially loyal Mrs. McStinger. Her admiration appeared equally divided between the royal psalmist and the Reverend Bernard Slimmer—the former because of his prophetic instinct, which could so pierce through the tangled centuries as to describe Sir Tinley in all but name; and the latter on account of his happy inspiration, which had prompted the public singing of the prophecy.

And so events placidly glided on, without a premonitory warning of the great calamity which was shortly to befall us.

But nevertheless the snake was in the grass, soon to rear his envenomed head with fell intent; the cloud no bigger than a man's hand was silently preparing the deluge; the rift was in the lute that was to turn to discord the sweet harmony that erstwhile reigned. In short, to drop metaphor, (its evolution is so apt to tie one up into rhetorical knots,) the gaunt sisters Zachary were distinctly "on the track" of the Reverend Bernard Slimmer.

Had he not defiantly introduced "Popish practices" into the very church where they had hitherto been chief directors of ceremonial and censors of pulpit utterances? Was he not flirting most shamelessly with certain of us who attended his choir practices? Was a creature of this flippant mould to "sit in the reformers' seat and traduce the Reformation"? And so the grim trio set themselves to compass the destruction of our poor clergyman. Rumour had it that Pestilence had secretly yearned after the Reverend Bernard; that she had once invited him to tea; that he had pleaded parish business; that he had really spent the afternoon with that odious minx, little Ethel Marchant; that this rejection of her virginal advances was the real secret of the hostility of Pestilence and her maiden sisters.

But one can never trust rumour.

Foiled in the "no popery" crusade which they attempted to set on foot, these three pillars of Protestantism decided that the Bishop should be informed of Bernard's amatory "goings on," so accordingly Pestilence stalked at noonday to the episcopal residence to lay the matter before his lordship.

"My dear Miss Zachary," said that excellent man, with a bland smile, "I think you are just a lit-tle hard on my good friend Slimmer. True, his heart does some-what re-sem-ble the pro-ver-bi-al omnibus, providing as it does accom-mo-dation for the e-qual-ly pro-ver-bi-al 'twelve inside,' but he is most zealous and en-er-getic in his parish, and his youth-ful-ness is a fault that will daily mend." Nor could his lordship be again brought to touch the subject. At every attempt he would blandly turn the conversation into another channel, until the chagrined lady was fain to

strike her colours and beat an ignominious retreat.

Her homeward path lay through the Orchard-sons' lime estate, but the long lines of rich green foliage, with their luxuriance of golden fruit, had few charms for her at that moment. She strode wrathfully along, chewing the bitter cud of defeat, until a bend in the path brought her in sight of a rising knoll about a quarter of a mile away, where, under the shade of a huge tamarind, a scarecrow-like figure was visible, engaged in performing a series of extraordinary antics. Her reflections were interrupted for the moment, as, with the innate curiosity of her sex, she made for the spot, to find, however, on reaching it, that the weird object was only old Jimbo Gregoire, a half-witted negro, whose chief occupation in life appeared to consist in patrolling the neighbourhood, impaling dead leaves on the end of a spiked stick, which he waved to and fro overhead, muttering unintelligible incantations the while.

Her curiosity satisfied, she was about to proceed on her way, when another gibber from Jimbo and a flourish of his magic wand, revealed the fact that, instead of the usual talismanic leaf, there was something remarkably like a sealed and addressed envelope at the end of the spike. To the inquisitive and strong-minded lady it was but the work of a moment to seize this, in spite of Jimbo's howls and capers of remonstrance, and as the address met her eye the hard features relaxed into a sardonic smile of triumph.

"Where did you get this?" she asked, turning sharply on the bewildered Jimbo.

"Me no know, Missy Zachary."

"Jimbo" (sternly), "you're lying; tell me at once where you found the letter."

A cunning leer overspread Jimbo's face—"Smadi no wah pars mangro' side nebbah heah karf,"* said he, pointing to the hollow trunk of the tamarind.

A light breaks in upon Miss Zachary, and, clasping into the vernacular, she inquires: "A—who do um, Jimbo?"

"De Rebberend, marm."

"What, Mr. Slimmer?"

"Yes, marm."

"Soho! this is their post-office, is it?" she muttered; and, turning on her heel, she thrust the unlucky missive into the bosom of her dress and started homeward with rapid strides.

"Alia! Mr. Bernard. Slimmer," hissed the lady on gaining the seclusion of her chamber, "I have waited long for you, but I think this affair will square accounts between us," and opening the letter without a qualm (for she availed such trifles as *meum* and *tuum* when the sacred Protestant cause was at stake?), gathering wrath she read:—

"ST. BLASIS' RECTORY,

"Monday.

DEAREST ETHEL,—

"What I suffer for your sweet sake! The Misses Zachary watch my every movement, until I sometimes quite cross with them. I shall really some day call them *tabby cats*, or some other equally unkind name, to relieve my feelings, if they continue so unkind to me. If I can elude their vigilance to-morrow, I shall be at the usual place at sundown. Well, sweet one. Ever your own

"BERNARD.

"P.S.—Wednesday bids fair to be a brilliant day. Tabby cats indeed! Very well, Mr. Slimmer; shall see." And for fully an hour she paced her room, evolving the details of her plot, in the course of which she hoped our beloved clergyman was soon to be entangled.

This may be freely translated—"He who seeks information had better go *himself* to the spot where it is found."

But, as Mrs. McStinger would have observed, "The best-laid schemes o' men and mice gang aft a-gley." It was not ordained that Pestilence should play the part of an avenging Nemesis. The blow which was to deprive us of our dear pastor was to come from another and unexpected source. What calumny failed to do, ridicule was shortly to accomplish. And here, to avoid ambiguity, it becomes necessary to explain the reference to "Wednesday" in Bernard's unfortunate epistle.

Two matters had lately occupied our dear clergyman's attention, the first being a scheme for a grand choral festival of united parish choirs, and the second a plan for the regeneration of those erring brethren, the late members of His Excellency's band. As regards the first scheme, events had so far progressed that "Wednesday" was the day fixed for the great event. The Bishop and all the clergy of the island were to be present, as well as Their Excellencies and the whole of society. As far as the backsliding bandmen were concerned, these simple children of nature, like all aboriginal heathen, were quite willing to be reconverted to Christianity as often as any new clergyman could be found to take them in hand, so that Mr. Slimmer had little difficulty in inducing them to "consecrate their musical gifts to the service of the sanctuary," in other words, to add a brassy orchestral accompaniment to the festival music.

The great day arrived; the church had been beautifully decorated by fair hands; a magnificent throne had been erected for his lordship; a special dais had (by their command) been prepared for Their Excellencies, and the whole *ensemble* betokened a grand success. The Reverend Mr. Slimmer was up betimes, and in cassock and college cap paid a final visit of inspection to the church, about two hours before service. Everything there having been apparently arranged to his satisfaction, he was about to cross the short strip of churchyard which separated church from rectory, when he was suddenly confronted by the grim figure of Pestilence, accompanied by her huge mastiff Ponto.

To poor Bernard this was anything but a desirable encounter. Since Ethel's non-appearance at the trysting-place on the previous day, vague suspicions as to the fate of the missing letter had begun to take shape in his mind, and a horrible dread that Pestilence might be at the bottom of the business had overwhelmed him.

An awkward pause ensued, broken at length by a stammered "Good-morning" from Mr. Slimmer.

"Viper!" was the lady's gentle response.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Viper! I repeat. Popish viper! Wolf in sheep's clothing that would devour the flock! Popish idolater, that would lead us again under the dominion of the Scarlet Woman of the Seven Hills,—who would mark our foreheads with the mark of the Beast which his number is six hundred and sixty-six and I've got your letter, and you're a vile deceiving little wretch and I mean to go straight to Colonel Marchant and tell him *everything*." (Miss Zachary's eloquence was wont to simmer down to an anti-climax like this, under the influence of strong excitement.)

"My dear madam, I—really—I—"

"Don't 'madam' me, sir. On one condition, and one only, will I return your letter and hold my peace."

"I really—a—this is most painful. Tell me then, dreadful woman, what it is you want."

"That you stop this, Popish mummery to-day."

"What, the festival?"

"Yes."

"But, my dear Miss Zachary, the thing is absurd and impossible. There is the Bishop and His Excellency and—"

"Yes or NO?"

During this dialogue the lady had kept advancing with brandished sunshade on the wretched Bernard. He had in turn retreated, until they now stood under the ladder leading up to the large parish tank. The tank was a stone structure twelve feet deep (its outside walls standing of course the same height from the ground), and although it was near the end of the dry season, it still held three feet of water. Miss Zachary's ultimatum was delivered with such emphatic gestures, that Ponto, who had hitherto remained a silent but interested spectator, conceived that the time for active hostilities had commenced, and, like the faithful animal that he was, made a spring for the Reverend Bernard. With a yell of terror the unlucky Mr. Slimmer bounded up the ladder, leaving Ponto in proud possession of a yard of black cassock.

"My dear Miss Zachary," he panted, "pray call off your dreadful dog."

"Yes—or—NO?"

"My dear madam," expostulated Mr. Slimmer from the top of the ladder, "you are most unreasonable—I—"

"You refuse? Then on your own head be the consequences!"

This delivered with a final brandish of the sunshade, the inexorable lady stalked away. Ponto was reluctantly about to do the same, when the thought of the prospective bites of which he now conceived himself unjustly defrauded, became too much for him, and he made yet another spring, which so startled the reverend gentleman that he lost his balance and fell backwards.

A shriek—a splash—a long silence!

That three feet of water had closed over all that was mortal of the Reverend Bernard Slimmer.

The nave of the great church was crowded with the flower of society; the galleries were packed with sable worshippers—overflowing doubtless with the inborn piety of their race, of which one reads so much and sees so little; the Bishop was on his throne; Their Excellencies occupied their dais; the choristers filled their stalls, the regenerate bandmen were in their places; the bell had long ceased to bang; but no conductor.

Search parties had explored the rectory and the adjoining cane patches without success. Fifteen minutes—half an hour—three quarters—an hour, but still no Mr. Slimmer.

In despair we were about to proceed with the service as best we could, when old Caesar, the sexton, was observed tottering up the aisle towards the episcopal throne, his face of that coppery hue which serves the negro in lieu of pallor, and his whole appearance betokening the wildest terror. "Oh passon," he gasped, "me no see nawtn ob de Rebberend, but lah me buddy, dere be Jumby an dem in tank for true. Me hear um bahl, an bahl, an bahl too bahl."

Could this by any horrible chance be Bernard? The thought was terrible. Quickly the shrewd rector of Santa Fé slipped into the vestry, divested himself of his surplice, and went towards the tank to ascertain the origin of the bawling Jumby. In a few minutes he returned, and beckoning to the nearest of the military men, hurried out again, followed by them. Our curiosity had by this time risen to such a pitch that we streamed out in a body into the churchyard, just in time to see the limp and dripping form of our beloved pastor hauled out of the tank by a couple of grinning young Subs.

We loved our dear Mr. Slimmer; we were overjoyed to find that no calamity had deprived us of him; but the humour of the situation was too irresistible, and the whole of the assembled faithful burst into one uncontrolled roar.

This unsympathetic laugh must have been a sad wound to Mr. Slimmer's tender heart, but a yet sharper pang awaited him. As he was carried shivering and chattering through the rectory gates, his ear caught the voice of his adored one. Hark, what, what does she say! "Oh Maudie, how ridiculous he does look. I had no idea he had such funny little legs."

This, the unkindest cut of all, filled his cup of bitterness to the brim. "Oh, carry me home to die," he groaned. The rectory doors opened to receive the stalwart bearers and their precious burthen, but little thought we as they clanged to again, that we had looked our last on our beloved clergyman.

"Oh, my lord," he wailed to the Bishop from beneath the hot blankets in which his fragile form had been swathed, "that dreadful laughter rings in my ears yet. If only I could go away somewhere until the affair has had time to blow over!"

"Well, my boy," replied his lordship, "I think I know the very thing for you. Jones of Carriacou leaves for his new parish this week, and I was just wondering whom I could send in his place until the new rector is appointed. There is a tramp steamer in the harbour, and she sails at midnight. Pack up your things and go down in her."

And so we lost him.

The dear sensitive soul said that he could never face such ridicule as it would surely be his lot to encounter if he returned.

His temporary charge became a permanent one. He is now rector of Carriacou.

I fear we shall never see him again.

The Academies.

MISS GWENDOLYN TOMS, who received the Hopkinson Gold Medal for pianoforte playing at the Annual Meeting of the Royal College of Music, at Marlborough House, is a pupil of Mr. J. F. Barnett, the well-known composer, and one of the L.A.M. directors.

THE LONDON ACADEMY.

On Thursday, July 26, the last concert of the summer term was given in St. George's Hall, and during the evening Madame Sigrid Arnoldson gave away the medals. Mr. Raimo read the directors' report, and Mr. Pollitzer made a little speech.

PART I.

Two melodies for strings	...	Grieg.
Song, "The Worker"	...	Gounod.
Solo, Violin, "Romance"	...	Svensden.
Scena, "Ah fors è lui" (<i>La Traviata</i>)	...	Verdi.
Solo, pianoforte, (a) "Berceuse"	...	Chopin.
(b) "Valse in A flat"	...	Rubinstein.
Song	...	Mr. Gilbert Denis.
Part-songs for female voices	...	Denza.

PART II.

Elegie for strings	...	Tchaikowsky.
Song, "Lovely Spring"	...	Coenen.
Duet, for two pianofortes, Allegro from Sonata in D major	...	Mozart.
Aria, "Dio possente" (<i>Faust</i>)	...	Gounod.
Bolero, for strings	...	Ravins.

Mr. Pollitzer conducted also. The string orchestra played their various items beautifully under his direction, showing not only how well the individual players had been taught, but that the matters of ensemble and balance of tone had been carefully attended to. I had unfortunately to be absent during part of

the evening, and so missed Mr. Denis's song; but it may be recorded that Miss Kate Bruckshaw's playing was delicate and charming, that the part-singing was far above the average, and that the duet for two pianos by Mozart was, as played by Misses Smithers and Liebmann, a gratifying novelty, the success of which should encourage the directors to break up further new ground of the sort. Mr. Raimo's amusing speech was received with favour. In it he stated that the number of students was steadily increasing, and that gratifying results had attended the labours of the past year. Madame Sigrid Arnoldson gave each of the successful students at the recent examination his or her medal and a smile. This is a list of the happy ones.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

VOCALISTS.—BRONZE MEDALISTS.—Miss J. Alexander, Miss H. Bernhard-Smith, Miss K. S. Bull, Miss A. S. N. Cann, Miss M. Davis, Mr. W. George, Miss L. Grover, Miss J. Higga, Miss H. Johnson, Miss O. Johnson, Miss R. Maude, Miss M. Nembhard, Miss L. Raimondi, Miss M. Rogers, Miss Schilbach, Miss E. Serpell, Miss M. Watson, Miss E. Yeo.

SILVER MEDALISTS.—Miss B. Belinfante, Miss G. Bull, Miss M. Clay, Miss W. Clinch, Miss E. Farries, Miss G. Fuller, Madame E. Louis, Miss C. Lopez, Mr. C. Smith, Mr. G. Waller.

GOLD MEDALISTS.—Miss M. Calkin, Miss M. Edwards, Mr. Gilbert Denis.

AWARD OF DIPLOMA.—Miss E. Goddard, Miss D. Irvine.

INSTRUMENTALISTS (Pianists, if not otherwise described).—**BRONZE MEDALISTS.**—Miss E. Avaré (Violin), Miss M. Brumton (Violin), Miss L. Boutroy, Miss C. Brumlen, Miss D. Charnock (Violin), Miss M. Davis, Miss A. D. Francis, Harold Samuel, Miss M. Lutz, Miss J. Peake, Miss L. Raimondi, Miss A. Roberts (Violin), Miss M. Savage (Violin), Miss E. Vincent, Miss W. Wicks, Miss M. Wilkinson, Miss M. E. Withycomb, Miss M. Wright.

SILVER MEDALISTS.—Miss E. Avaré, Maurice Alexander (Violin), Bertram E. Jones (Violin), Miss C. R. Biddle (Violin), Miss D. Charnock, Miss G. Clay, Miss M. Cox, Miss M. Cox (Violin), Miss B. Defries (Violin), Miss M. Fuller, Miss E. Gearing, Miss C. Leslie, Miss Z. Mason (Violin), Miss M. Moore (Violin), Miss M. Mullins (Violin), Miss A. L. Norman, Miss M. Rogers, Miss N. Rogers (Violin), Miss A. M. Scott, Miss E. Stevens.

GOLD MEDALISTS.—Miss E. Bloor (Violin), Miss F. Darling-Jacobs, Miss F. Darling-Jacobs (Violin), Miss M. Fuller (Viola), Miss M. Glanville, Miss D. Hawes (Violin), Miss J. Hodd (Violin), Mrs. Smart, Miss M. Wild (Violin).

AWARD OF DIPLOMA.—Miss E. Beetlestone (Violin), Miss L. Fuller (Violin), Miss R. Mayer.

HARMONY.—BRONZE MEDALISTS.—Mr. G. J. Bell, Bertram Jones, Miss K. Bull, Miss S. Clay, Miss A. D. Francis, Miss M. Granville, Harold Samuel, Miss R. Kindred, Miss M. Rogers, Miss B. M. Scott, Miss E. Stevens, Miss E. Varley, Miss M. Watson, Miss M. Wild.

SILVER MEDALISTS.—Miss T. Davis, Miss E. Harvey, Miss M. Lutz, Miss A. M. Scott, Miss E. Simpson.

SOUTH KENSINGTON BRANCH.

INSTRUMENTALISTS.—BRONZE MEDALISTS.—Miss G. Bradford, Miss I. Davis, Miss E. Farr, Miss N. Gellatly, Miss M. Hare (Violin), Miss F. Mills (Violin), Mrs. M. D. Whitmore.

SILVER MEDALISTS.—Miss F. Mills, Miss H. M. Walker (Violin).

HARMONY.—BRONZE MEDALIST.—Miss P. Durrant.

BRIGHTON BRANCH.

VOCALISTS.—BRONZE MEDALIST.—Miss L. F. Field.

SILVER MEDALISTS.—Miss Anket, Miss Millar, Miss Renfry.

GOLD MEDALIST.—Miss Blaker.

AWARD OF DIPLOMA.—Mrs. Scott.

INSTRUMENTALISTS (Pianists, if not otherwise described).—**SILVER MEDALISTS.**—Miss Ginnett, Miss James (Violin).

AWARD OF DIPLOMA.—Miss Dawson.

HARMONY.—BRONZE MEDALIST.—Miss L. V. James.

R.A.M.

On July 24 this institution gave an afternoon concert, and on the 25th the prizes, medals, and other ceteras were distributed by the Countess of Ilchester. This is a list of the prize-winners:—

Charles Lucas silver medal, Llewela Davies; Sterndale Bennett prize, Sybil Palliser; Parepa-Roa gold medal, Gertrude Bevan; Thomas gold medal, Louie Howell; Erard Centenary Medal, Mabel Bigg; Heathcote Long prize, Harold Macpherson; Evill prize, Reginald Brophy; Santley prize, Edith Greenhill; Sainton Dolby prize, B. Lucas; Leslie Crotty prize, T. M. James; Rutson Memorial prize, Vera Galbraith; Hopkins Memorial prize, E. Greenhill; Robert Cocks' prize, Isabel Coates; Charles Mortimer prize, M. M. Ames (this is the prize for the composition for clarinet and piano recently described in the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC*); Goldberg prize, T. M. James; Norman Salmond prize, Sylvia Wardell; Agnes Zimmermann prize, Sybil Palliser and Christopher Wilson.

The following female students satisfied the examiners with their continued progress:—Isabel Coates (harmony, piano, sight-singing and reading), Llewela Davies (harmony, piano, sight-singing and reading), Ethel Smith (harmony and piano), Ida Betts, Zyré Cohen, M. E. Ford, E. Greenhill, Grace Jenon, M. P. Moss, Helen Ogilvie, Edith Pratt, C. Rodland, Edith Purvis, Lily West, Mary Howard, Annie Child, Maude Lupton.

Certificates of Merit were granted to the following students who had previously received silver medals. The certificates are the highest award of the Academy.

Misses Child, Howard, Howard, Hunter, Bowman, Easton, Molyneux, Sherrard, Winter, Byford, Collins, Walenn, Betts, Crawley, Ierson, Bowick, Walker. The total number of candidates was 32; total number of awards, 17.

SILVER MEDALS were given to the following pupils, who have previously received bronze medals:—Misses Ames, Bankart, Bennett, Cobb, Cohen, Palliser, Ransome, Burns, Langdon, Peake, Rock, Stanton, Bampfylde, Drake, Harley, Haselden, Jones, Jones, Mackness, Marles-Thomas, Moore, Palliser, Peppercorn, Phillips, Philpott, Wheldon, Bankart, Burmester, Jay, Stuart, Vernet, Carnes, Field, Byford, Cohen, Jones, Molyneux, Palliser, Philpott, Dick, Downes, Edmonds, Brierley, Burden, Dick, Howard, Lockie, Stanton, Wilson. The total number of candidates was 122; total number of awards, 49.

The following students gained bronze medals:—Misses Alston, Andrews, Bailey, Bampfylde, Betts, Hall, Lucas, Mossop, Needham, Ogilvie, Owen, Pratt, Winter, Austin, Baily, Bartlett, Care, Carr, Cohen, Cooke, Coomber, Davies, Dick, Edgewell, Evans, Evelyn, Faulkner, Gay, Gomersall, Green, Hall, Hann, Harrison, Harvey, Hedges, Holding, Hotson, Howarth, Joynson, Kempton, Kosminski, Liddetter, Maisey, Melluish, Rose, Saul, Spicer, Thomas, Walker, Williams, Andrews, Baily, Bigg, Bowick, Brion, Caines, Claxton, Cooper, Dawes, Edwards, Enderby, Fletcher, Freeman, Geake, Heaton, Holder, Howarth, Jamblin, Lucas, Mossop, Mountstephen, Needham, Pickworth, Plaski, Spencer, Stelfox, Todd, Tringham, Clissold, Easton, Hansell, Layin, Marsh, Moss, Patterson, Phillips, Prentice, Stow, Treherne, Dixon, Scully, Dixon, Einhauser, Andrews, Brion, Bowman, Budge, Burmester, Collingwood, Cummings, Dixon, Einhauser, Greenhill, Hanbury, Holmes, Kosminski, Marsh, Moss, Moss, Needham, Peake, Peppercorn, Sherrard, Stibbs, Stuart, Williams, Winter, Bailey, Bampfylde, Bowick, Brierley, Freeman, Green, Harwood, Howard, Kosminski, Lockie, Peake, Pirouet, Wilson, Care, Green, Harrison, Liddetter, Mills, Thomas, Walker. The total number of candidates was 337; total number of awards, 137.

FIRST DIVISION:—Misses Garrioch, Owen, Howe, Kingsford, Miles, Page, Sterling, Wheeler, Wilkinson, Campbell, Maclean. The total number of candidates was 24; total number of awards, 11.

SECOND STUDIES. The following pupils have received Honourable Mention from the Examiners:—Misses Coates, Galloway, Harlow, Miles, Molyneux, Nicholson, Pratt, Phillips, Sterling, Stow, Young, Bankart, Bartlett, Burns, Clissold, Coomber, Crawley, Green, Hann, Holmes, Howard, Howard, Kot-

minski, Lake, Lavin, Marsh, Penke, Powers, Vernet, Waite, Walenn, Brion, Carter, Cooper, Greenhill, Peppercorn, Philpott, Stuart, Einhauser, Gilford, Sayer. The total number of candidates was 104; total number of awards, 47.

The following male pupils, having received all the annual awards, have satisfied the Examiners with their continued progress:—Messrs. Bell, Macpherson, Aitken, Baker, Keeble, Read.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT were given to these pupils, who have previously received Silver Medals, being the highest award of the Academy:—Messrs. Corley, Driffl, Flanders, Antonietti, Donnawell, Macpherson, Maybery, Wilmott, Gostelow, Alston. The total number of candidates was 13; total number of awards, 10.

SILVER MEDALS were given to these pupils, who have previously received Bronze Medals:—Messrs. Beazly, Gostelow, Hickin, Macpherson, Mott, Oke, Wilson, Brophy, Clements, Coleman, Jones, Hickin, Macpherson, Wilson, Maney, Keeble, Cooke, Walenn, Wilson. The total number of candidates was 41; total number of awards, 19.

A PRIZE VIOLIN BOW made and presented to the Institution by James Tubbs and Son, of Wardour Street, for violin playing, was given to Charles T. Greenhead.

BRONZE MEDALS were gained by Messrs. Greenhead, Maybery, McEwen, Miles, Moore, Scutts, Walenn, Wendt, Beaumont, Foster, Portway, Bell, Flux, Fryer, Maclean, Pollard, Wendt, Addison, Freedman, Heinzen, Hoggard, Miles, Reed, Lardner, Flux, Freedman, Fryer, Heinzen, Hickin, Miles, Moore, Pollard, Reed, Scutts, Brophy, Foster, Clements, Foster. The total number of candidates was 79; total number of awards, 38.

FIRST DIVISION. COMMENDATIONS:—Messrs. Sanderson and Pathan.

SECOND STUDIES. The following pupils have received Honourable Mention from the Examiners:—Messrs. Harries, Spawforth, Flux, Fryer, Pollard, Clements, Aitken, Bell, Flanders, Macpherson, Oke, Sanderson. The total number of candidates was 18; total number of awards, 12.

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

We all expected great things when Sir Joseph Barnby was appointed to this place. Up to the present our expectations have been disappointed, and we must confess to little hope for the future. The Council have raised the principal's salary to £1,000 a year, and the Music Committee have directed the fees for tuition to be raised. This means that the poor students are to be taxed that the principal may live on a big scale. We no longer care to conceal that we regard this as an unsatisfactory state of things. If the school turned out distinguished pupils, that might be looked upon as some sort of compensation; but distinguished pupils are just what the school does not turn out.

Last Thursday the appointment of a Secretary to the School was made by the Common Council of the Corporation, when Mr. Hilton Carter was elected by a majority of forty-four. The precise figures were:—Mr. Hilton Carter, 94; Mr. Simonet Scott, 37; and Mr. H. H. Welch, 13. Mr. Hilton Carter was born thirty-seven years ago at Nottingham, where his father is a bank manager, and was educated at the Nottingham High School. In due course he entered the lace trade, and, after six years spent in this way, he was connected for thirteen years with various wholesale houses in London. For some time he was Secretary of the Hampstead Conservatoire, and later occupied the same position at the London Organ School and International College of Music, which, under careful management, has developed so considerably of late, that the directors have been obliged to take more commodious premises. Much of this success is doubtless due to Mr. Carter, and that the recent concert at the Queen's Hall was such a triumph was owing almost entirely to his efforts and organization. Mr. Carter, besides being a man of affairs, is a musician of taste; and for some time was a member of the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society, and for the last four years has held the appointment of baritone soloist at St. Paul's, Kilburn (Dr. Bonavia Hunt's church). It will be seen that Mr. Hilton Carter has every qualification for the important post to which he has just been appointed, and there is no

doubt that the Guildhall School of Music is fortunate in having secured the services of so experienced and energetic a secretary.

The Organ Prize of five guineas, given annually by the Chairman of Committee, was competed for on Saturday last at the Guildhall School of Music, and won by Mr. Alfred Bentley, pupil of Dr. Warwick Jordan. Dr. G. C. Martin was the adjudicator.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON (LIMITED).

The College Conversazione was held at the Royal Institute of Painters, Piccadilly, on July 18, when a large number of guests assembled, and were received by the President, the Vice-Presidents, the Warden, and the Council. A programme of music was provided. The chief item was a string quartet (MS.) the "Costa" prize composition, by Mr. A. Mistowski, which was played by Messrs. L. Szczepanowski, C. S. Fenigstein, A. Mistowski, and E. van der Straeten. Mention should be made of an effective rhapsodie for the pianoforte by Mr. A. W. Ketelbey, Queen Victoria Scholar, which was played by the composer. Miss Suzanne Stokes rendered pieces by Heller and Jensen, and the vocalists were Miss Kate Wright, Mr. Percy Mordy, and Miss Rose Grosvenor. The programme also included a recitation by Miss Florence Weston, two part-songs written by Mr. Ketelbey, and Handel's sonata in A for two violins and pianoforte, played by Miss Florence Brotherton, Master Sidney Faulks, and Mr. Ketelbey.

R.C.M.

We must congratulate this enterprising concern on its success in getting well-known people to its meetings. The last was held at Marlborough House, with the Prince of Wales in the chair. Mutual compliments were extensively passed about, and the meeting dissolved in perfect good humour; nothing being said, however, of the unhappy students who pay their fees, pass "through the mill," and find themselves in the ranks of the musical "out o' works."

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD.

On the same day, and in the same place as the above-mentioned meeting—to wit, July 16, and Marlborough House—this curiously appointed clique held its meeting; and in the evening its dinner came off at the Hotel Métropole. The Prince of Wales expressed himself as fully satisfied with the business done by the Board during the past year, but the amount of the takings was not, by some strange oversight, mentioned at all. This was at the meeting: the dinner seems to have been a sad affair, owing to a number of gentlemen of limited musical knowledge insisting on speaking about music. This, however, is amusing enough to read. Thus Sir A. K. Rollit, whoever that gentleman may be, said that "music had ceased to be an affair of the emotions; it was now of a distinctly intellectual character, intimately connected with the study of the charming science of acoustics. The law of vibrations underlay all scientific matters." It appears that Sir A. K. Rollit is a "distinctly intellectual character," and we congratulate the Board on acquiring a vested interest in him. For the rest, the various gentlemen present—either examiners, who earn part of their incomes through the Board, or persons sublimely ignorant of music—agreed that the Board was very good business, and that all other institutions whatsoever were not worth attention.

Chester Festival.

THE Chester Musical Festival began, as usual, with a very impressive service in the Cathedral on Sunday evening, July 22, when Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* was performed, Dr. J. C. Bridge conducting, and Mr. J. E. Hughes at the organ; the prayers being intoned by the Precentor, the Rev. Harold Wright. The 95th Psalm was sung with great spirit. The Lord Bishop preached a stirring sermon. In the *Hymn of Praise* the principals were Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Iver M'Kay, and Mrs. Howson. The chorus were in excellent form.

The Festival commenced on the 25th, when the most popular of oratorios, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*,

was given; the artists were Miss Anna Williams, Madame Marian McKenzie, Mr. Iver M'Kay, Mr. Andrew Black. The chorus were very equally balanced as to tone, and were well under the control of Dr. Bridge.

In the evening Beethoven's Symphony in C minor (Nos. 56 and 67) was given a brilliant rendering, and Madame Fanny Moody was heard to advantage in Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer." The next item was an "Adagio Appassionato" for Violin and Orchestra, by Max Bruch. The solo part was taken by Herr Willy Hess, leader of the festival orchestra, and was exceptionally rendered, the florid passages being played with the greatest taste.

Verdi's *Requiem* followed (Madame Antoinette Trebelli, Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Bantock Pierpoint). The chorus were fair, but were excellent in the second number, "Day of Anger." Mr. Trebelli rendered the solo "Lord, Deliver My Soul from the Death of Eternal Doom," with great reverence, and the chorus "Deliver Me" finished a grand performance.

On Thursday, July 26, Dr. Hubert Parry's *Judith* was performed, conducted by the composer. This was the first time that this masterly oratorio was heard in Chester. Miss Anna Williams sang the music of *Judith* with great declamatory skill, and Mr. Edward Lloyd, in the King's part, was the greatest treat during the festival; the solo "God Breaketh the Battle" was powerfully rendered. Miss Clara Butt sang the Queen's music in a refined manner, being especially noticeable in "Long since, in Egypt's Plenteous Land," Mr. Pierpoint met with success by his exquisite singing of the parts of the High Priest of Moloch and the Messenger. The chorus were very careful, and sang their part with great expression.

The novelty in the secular concert in the evening was a Symphony in F by Dr. F. C. Bridge, specially composed for the Festival; the various movements of the Symphony have been suggested by the incidents connected with the city of Chester; it is divided into six portions: (1) Allegro Moderato, "The Great Midsummer Fair," opening with a merry theme for strings, introducing all the turmoils, etc., etc., of a fair. (2) Intermezzo; a picturesque woodland scene; the horns bring in a hunting theme (perhaps complimentary to Hugh Lupus); the wind instruments follow on with themes suggesting pastoral life. (3) The Scherzo and Trio, very lightly written, still very cleverly; the subject of the theme is the "Mystery Plays." (4) Andante con moto, the most graceful and longest movement, "The River Dee." (5) March in memoriam of William Lawes, musician in ordinary to King Charles I., who was killed at Chester, fighting during the siege of the city, in 1645. The Concert was brought to a close with Sir A. Sullivan's "Golden Legend," heard before in Chester about six years ago. The choir were at home in their music and seemed to enjoy it, while the principals were unequalled in the rendering of the various parts.

Friday, July 27, the third and last day of the Festival, opened with Cherubini's "Grand Mass" in D minor (No. 2); the principal artists were Messdames Fanny Moody and Marian M'Kenzie, Messrs. Iver M'Kay and Andrew Black. The performance was magnificent, artists, choir, and orchestra being at their very best. The "Kyrie Eleison" was sung in a very effective manner, and the "Gloria" was excellent for tone and volume of sound. Madame Moody, Messrs. M'Kay and Black, sang the "Gratias Agimus" with great feeling, and with Madame M'Kenzie gave perfect renderings of the "Quoniam" and "Et in Spiritum Sanctum." The chorus were especially noticeable in "Cum Spiritui Sancto," "Credo," "Et Resurrexit," the "Sanctus," and the "Amen," the latter was very well received by the vast audience.

The afternoon performance began with Beethoven's Andante in G, for violin and orchestra. Herr Willy Hess played the solo passages in a very artistic manner; this was followed by a new sacred cantata by Dr. Frank J. Sawyer, "The Soul's Forgiveness," for baritone solo (Mr. Andrew Black) and chorus. The argument is as follows: the soul, burdened with sin and terrified at the thoughts of future judgment, cries for forgiveness. The Voices of Earth proclaim justice; the soul shows repentance; the

Voices of Earth pronounce the last penalty for the soul's sin. The Voice of Heaven announces the acceptance of the soul's forgiveness, and the Voices of Earth with the soul join in thanksgiving. The work is indeed a stiff one, and there are remarkable difficulties, especially in the solo parts. Mr. Black sang the opening solo, which is treated at considerable length, "O Lord, I have sinned," in a refined style, and also another solo, "O Lord, enter not into judgment." The Cantata was conducted by the composer, choir and orchestra meeting with success in their respective parts.

Schubert's Symphony in C major concluded the performance. The work consists of Andante Allegro (C major), Andante con moto (A minor, A major), Allegro Vivace (C major), Trio (A major), Finale, Allegro Vivace (C major). Of all these parts, perhaps the finest performance given was that of the Andante con moto, which was superb.

In the evening Handel's immortal *Messiah* was given. The audience was larger than ever, nearly 4,000 being present. The work was not performed in full; the following parts were omitted: "Surely He hath borne," "And with His stripes," "Let all the angels," "Thou art gone up," "O Death, where is thy sting?" Mr. Edward Lloyd gave highly artistic renderings of "Comfort ye" and "Every valley," and also "Behold and see;" Miss Anna Williams sang "How beautiful" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth" with great reverence, and Miss Butt met with equal success in "He shall feed His flock" and "He was despised;" Mr. Pierpoint was heard to advantage in "Why do the nations." The chorus were magnificent in the "Hallelujah" and "Amen" choruses; lastly, the orchestra in the "Pastoral Symphony" gave a very refined and delicate performance, which was highly appreciated by the audience.

Accidentals.

M. PADEREWSKI has, we are authoritatively informed, not yet decided whether he will return to England in the late autumn. His reappearance in New York is, however, fixed for December 27, when he will play his "Polish" Fantasia at the Metropolitan Opera House, the orchestra being that of Mr. Damrosch.

It is said that Madame Gounod, the widow of the deceased composer, and her son M. Jean Gounod, are preparing a memoir of the great French musician. This could scarcely fail to prove interesting.

VERY little interest seems to have been taken in the commemoration of the tercentenary of the death of Orlando di Lasso at Munich, the number of performers exceeding that of the audience. The performance included a new "Hymn to Music," by Rheinberger, and Beethoven's "Choral" Symphony, the latter a somewhat curious choice for such an occasion.

FROM a financial point of view, at any rate, the success of the Bayreuth Festival was assured long before it commenced. The fact that Messrs. Chappell alone have this year sold no fewer than £5,629 worth of tickets will serve to indicate the great and increasing interest taken in the Bayreuth representations by English music-lovers. In addition, Messrs. Chappell have resold nearly £600 worth of tickets to those who had booked their seats months ago, and subsequently found themselves from various causes unable to use them. At the previous festival the firm sold only about £4,000 worth of tickets.

ARRANGEMENTS are already being made for the Norwich Festival of 1896, and we understand that Signor Mancinelli, the Covent Garden conductor, has been commissioned to compose for this celebration a cantata on the subject of *Hero and Leander*, the libretto being by Dr. Boito.

WE are glad to learn that Mr. A. J. Hipkins has been appointed Conservator of the collection of musical instruments at the Royal College of Music, and Mr. Barclay Squire Librarian. Both appointments are eminently judicious.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN is at his riverside abode, and is, we learn, engaged upon the incidental music intended for Mr. Irving's presentation of "King Arthur" at the Lyceum.

THE German papers announce the death, at the age of seventy-six, of Carl Müller, who was for nearly thirty years director of the Cäcilien Verein and of the Museum Concerts at Frankfurt. He was born near Erfurt, and was a pupil of J. N. G. Götze, of Weimar, where he was for some time leader of the orchestra. He wrote two cantatas: *Tasso in Sorrento* and *Rinaldo*.—The death is also announced at Berlin, at the age of sixty, of Fräulein Jenny Meyer, who in her time was a famous concert-singer. She, however, retired in 1865, when she became one of the leading professors of singing at the Stern Conservatorium at Berlin. Also the death is announced, near Dresden, at the age of eighty, of Herr Carl Rönisch, founder of the well-known firm of pianoforte makers to the King of Saxony.

M. TIVADAR NACHEZ, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Algernon Ashton will be members of a concert company formed to travel through Germany and Austria in the autumn. The tour will commence at Berlin on October 22, and will close at Bonn on November 17. Afterwards M. Nachez will return to England for Madame Patti's concert on November 30.

A RECENT number of the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* contains an interesting communication by Dr. Max Seiffert on some sketches by Mendelssohn of an opera to bear the title of *Loreley*. They were found among the papers of Herr Julius Nietz, an intimate friend of the composer's.

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Florence Salten

Bertha Salter

Magazine of Music Supplement, September 1894.

Lullaby,
my sweet little Baby!

Chorus by
WILLIAM BYRD.

THE WILD ROSE.

Song by
F. SCHUBERT.

To the Sunshine.

Song by
R. SCHUMANN.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.

"Lullaby, my sweet little baby!"

Edited by
GEO. J. GROVER.

A LULLABY FOR FIVE VOICES.

Composed by
WILLIAM BYRD, A. D. 1588.

Slow.

1st SOPRANO. Lul - la lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la lul - la - by, lul -

2nd SOPRANO. Lul - la lul - la - by,

ALTO. Lul - la lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la

TENOR. Lul - la - by, la lul - la lul - la - by, lul - la lul - la - by,

BASS. Lul - la lul - la - by, lul - la - by, la lul - la - by, lul - la - by, la lul - la lul - la -

PIANO.

- la lul - la - by, my sweet lit - tle ba - by, my sweet lit - tle

lul - la lul - la - by, my sweet lit - tle ba - by,

lul - la lul - la - by, my sweet lit - tle ba - by, my sweet ba - by, my sweet lit - tle

la lul - la lul - la - by, my sweet lit - tle, lit - tle ba -

by, my sweet lit - tle ba - by, my sweet lit - tle ba -

ba - by, my sweet lit - tle ba - by, what mean - est thou to cry? Lul -

my sweet lit - tle ba - by, what mean - est thou to cry?

ba - by, lit - tle ba - by, what mean - est thou to cry? Lul - la

by, my sweet lit - tle ba - by, what mean - est thou to cry?

by, ba - by, what mean - est thou, what mean - est thou to cry?



[illegible]

The Wild Rose.

(HAIDEN-RÖSLEIN.)

F. SCHUBERT.

Con tenerezza.

VOICE.
GESANG.

Once a boy a wild rose spied, In the hedgerow grow - ing; Fresh in all her
Sah ein Knab' ein Rös - lein steh'n, Rös-lein auf der Hai - den, war so jung und

PIANO.
pp

youthful pride, When her beau-ties he de - seried, Joy in his heart was glow - ing.
mor - gen-schön, lief er schnell es nah' zu seh'n, sah's mit vie - len Freu - den.

cresc.

ritard. *a tempo*

Lit-tle wildrose, wild-rose red, In the hedgerow grow - ing.
Rös-lein, Rös-lein, Rös-lein rot, Rös-lein auf der Hai - den.

pp ritard. *a tempo*

Said the boy "I'll gath - er thee, In the hedge-row grow - ing!" Said the rose "Then
Knä-be sprach: ich bre - che dich, Rös-lein auf der Hai - den! Rös-lein sprach: ich

I'll pierce thee That thou may'st re - mem - ber me, Thus re - proof be - stow - ing.
 ste - che dich, dass du e - wig denkst an mich, und ich will's nicht lei - den.

cresc.

ritard. *a tempo*
 Lit - tle wildrose, wild-rose red, In the hedgerow grow - ing.
 Röslein, Röslein, Rös - lein rot, Röslein auf der Hai - den.

pp ritard. *a tempo*

Thoughtless - ly he pull'd the rose, In the hedge-row grow - ing; But her thorns their
 Und der wil - de Kna - be brach's Röslein auf der Hai - den; Röslein wehr - te

p

spears op - pose, Vain - ly he la - ments his woes, With pain his hand is glow - ing.
 sich und stach, half ihr doch kein Weh und Ach, musst' es a - ben lei - den.

cresc.

ritard. *a tempo*
 Lit - tle wildrose, wild-rose red, In the hedgerow grow - ing.
 Röslein, Röslein, Rös - lein rot, Röslein auf der Hai - den.

pp ritard. *a tempo*

To the Sunshine.

(AN DEN SONNENSCHHEIN.)

R. SCHUMANN.

Moderato.

VOICE.
GESANG.

mf

O sun - shine! O sun - shine! Thou shin - est in this heart of mine, And
O Son - nenschein, o Son - nenschein! wie scheinst du mir in's Herz hin - ein, weckst

PIANO.

mf

fa. *

wak - est with thy ar - dent beams, With - in my breast Love's sweet - est dreams.
drin - nen lau - ter. Lie - bes - lust, dass mir so en - ge wird die Brust.

fa.

p

Too nar - row are my room and home, And
Und en - ge wird mir Stüb und Haus, und

p

fa. *

out of doors when - e'er I roam, Thine eye doth pierce the ver - dant shades, And
wenn ich lauf' zum Thor hin - aus, da lockst du gar in's fri - sche Grün die

glan-ces on the fair-est maids, And glan-ces on the fair-est maids!
 al-ler-schönsten Mäd-chen hin, die al-ler-schönsten Mäd-chen!

f rit. *p a tempo*

p
 O sunshine bright, dost think I'll prove, Like thee, in-constant in my love, And
 O Son-nen-schein, du glau-best wohl, dass ich wie du es ma-chen soll, der

kiss each fair half-o-pen flow'r, That blos-soms in its lea-fy bow'r? Hast
 je-de schmu-cke Blu-me küsst, die e-ben nur sich dir er-schliesst. Hast

thou so long kept watch a-bove, And know-est not how true my love?
 doch so lang die Welt er-blickt, und weisst, dass sich's für mich nicht schickt?

Why trou-ble then this heart of mine? O sun-shine! O sun-shine!
 Was machst du mir denn sol-che Pein? O Son-nen-schein, o Son-nen-schein!

p

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Magazine of Music Supplement, September 1894.

Andante cantabile
* from *

SONATA N^o 10 in C

— by —
W. A. MOZART.

MINUETTO
by

G. F. Handel.

Erinnerung
* by *

R. SCHUMANN.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.

From Sonata N^o 10 in C.

W. A. MOZART

Andante cantabile. (♩ = 80.)

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems of music. Each system contains a treble staff and a bass staff. The tempo is marked 'Andante cantabile. (♩ = 80.)'. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The score includes various dynamics and articulation marks: *p dolce*, *p*, *sf*, *cresc.*, *pp*, and *p*. The notation includes eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and chords. The score is arranged in a single system with six systems of music.



Minuetto.

G. F. HANDEL.

Allegretto vivace.

PIANO.

f p < f p < f p < >

cresc.

ten.

f dim.

p leggiero

f p cresc.

1. 2.

Erinnerung.

R. SCHUMANN.

Nicht schnell.

PIANO.

p

rit.

a tempo

rit.

a tempo

1. 2.